

he July **Leatherneck** 15c

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



30' Jan '47

27-10 July - Dec '46



*"As for me...
I'm
shipping
over!"*

and here's WHY...

1. I keep my present rank and date of rank when I enlist in the Regular Marine Corps.
2. I receive a bonus of \$50 for each full year that I have already served, for which reenlistment allowance has not been paid, in addition to my Mustering Out Pay.
3. I am granted an immediate 60 to 90 day furlough, with full pay and travel expenses, and an additional 30 day furlough each year with pay.
4. I am guaranteed a family allowance for the entire period of my enlistment, if I enlist on or before June 30, 1946.
5. I will have a steady job, a head start on my career in the service, an opportunity to advance my knowledge, and a chance for travel, adventure, and an opportunity to improve my technical skill.
6. My future is secure. When I complete 20 years of service I can transfer to Fleet Marine Reserve at half my base pay. This retirement increases at the end of 10 years of inactive duty to three-quarters base pay.



Semper Fidelis

DISCHARGED OVER 90 DAYS?...Read This!

Under the provisions of a new regulation, special guarantees of rank are offered by the Marine Corps to all Marines discharged on or after Sept. 1, 1945, who reenlist *even* after the usual 90-day period of grace.

Anyone who held rank in the first pay grade at the time of discharge will be reinstated in the third pay grade.

Anyone who held rank in the second or third pay grade will be reinstated in the fourth pay grade.

Anyone who held rank in the fourth pay grade will be reinstated in the fifth pay grade.

The **UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS**

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★ ★ ★

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... A MASK is no disguise for him . . . I'd know him anywhere with that hair . . . it never looks combed. There's the old loose dandruff too. Dry Scalp will do it every time. Someone should tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . and it might as well be me . . ."

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



WHAT A DIFFERENCE! . . . That's what happens when you check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day do the trick. Your hair looks better. Your scalp feels better. Itchiness and loose dandruff disappear. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with Nature—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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SOUND OFF

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

THEY ARE NOT QUALIFIED

Sirs:

The Marine Corps is up to its old tricks again, so I see by a recent dispatch. (The dispatch referred to here is a recent memorandum from the Plans and Policies Section of Headquarters Marine Corps. It proposed to re-enlist all commissioned officers and warrant officers who did not, for some reason, apply for a commission in the Regular Marine Corps, in the first enlisted pay grade. The large number of first pay grade men resulting from this proposal would then require measures be taken to reduce many of them to second pay grade, possibly through examination to see who was most qualified to hold the job. — Eds.)

We, the boys who have carried the burden as ranking NCOs, have to make way for a group of officers that can't pass the qualifications to hold their ranks. I am also convinced that most of them cannot hold down the duties of the first three pay grades, either.

It will take both time and money to train these men for the jobs they will have to do. I grant you a man who went up to a commission from the first pay grade deserves to go back to his previous enlisted rank, if he does not remain an officer. He will be able to step into the same job he held as an enlisted man without any strain. However, a man who received a commission from boot camp and those who were PFCs and corporals couldn't do the job. They had the same chance as we did to remain in the enlisted ranks. If they had done so, worked hard and put out some extra effort, they might have attained the rank the Marine Corps now is going to give them.

What about the prisoners of war? Did they have a chance they deserve for time spent as prisoners? They could have been first pay grade, too!

We have done our jobs. Why not keep us in the ranks we now hold. Otherwise you will see many of the men trained for their jobs leaving the Corps. It will take years to replace these men and get back to the standards we have in the Corps now.

Why not give us the break we all deserve. We fought the war and have done our jobs.

Some First Pay Graders
El Paso, Texas

NEW UNIFORM GRIPE

Sirs:

I read in the paper this morning that a new uniform would be issued in September. Principally, it consists of issuing a "battle jacket" in place of the green blouse.

I have always been proud of the Marine greens and I can't understand why the Corps wants to take them away from us. The green uniform was distinctive, and it is different from the Army and Navy uniforms. Furthermore it had a lot of tradition behind it.

Why do they want to take away a uniform that a man could be proud to wear and give us something that does not even look like a military uniform?

A lot of the other fellows feel the same way I do. We resent the coming change.

The article further implied that the blouse would be done away with entirely. Is that true? If a man is allowed to choose between the two for liberty wear, then it's OK.

Otherwise, I for one, do not favor the change.

PFC Arthur W. Kellenberger
Hdqs. Co., H&S Bn., FMF Pac.

● The article you read is correct. It is our understanding that the short jacket will do away with the blouse entirely. — Eds.

MORE UNIFORM GRIPE

Sirs:

We have just read in the paper of the intended change in Marine Corps uniforms. We are a little disappointed to hear about this.

The Navy is getting their uniforms changed because they asked for such a change. Why change ours when we're satisfied with them?

The changes in the blues will improve them a little, but they never looked bad the way they were. But please leave our greens alone!

Five Marines on Saipan

BRINGS BACK MEMORIES

Sirs:

I was handed a copy of the February issue of *Leatherneck* by an old friend and ex-Marine, Bagril Croniger... the article, "Background to Beat the Banzai," (February) sure reads like a letter from home.

I am an ex-Marine, myself, having enlisted in 1913 and serving until 1919. I qualified as an expert rifleman and coached on rifle ranges in the tropics where I soldiered for nearly five years. Was commissioned into the Dastien Constabulary with the present Marine Commandant, General Alexander Vandegrift, and Major General Allen Turnage.

After receiving an honorable discharge from the Corps, I organized and served on the American Legion Rifle and Pistol Team at Wausau, Wisconsin... we took the State Championship for ten years.

In 1928 I went to San Antonio, Texas, where the National Legion Matches were held. Had the honor of winning the individual rifle championship and placing third with the .45 Colt. For all this I am thankful to that grand old coach of the Marine Corps, Peter Lund.

On page 6 of the February issue is another picture of one of my old shooting friends, James Markey. Page 7 is replete with men whose names have added many of the fine traditions on which the Marine Corps has founded a solid base. I have served with, or competed with, nearly every man whose picture appears on page 7.

Back row, Ralph N. Henshaw... ran skirmish with him on the old Winthrop, Maryland range; GySgt. W. A. Fragner was my tent-mate at Port au Prince, Haiti, in 1915; Sgt. Thomas F. Joyce was noted for his perfect skirmish runs on the Winthrop range; Ernie J. Blade, a fine armory man; served with Sgt. Victor H. Czegka at Annapolis.

Maryland. That grand old coach, Joseph Jackson, was a Gunnery Sergeant when I knew him.

Middle row: Served with Sgt. C. G. Sinclair at Cape Haitian; Captain Wm. Garland Fay was my CO at St. Marc, Haiti. And I built a target range for Captain D. C. McDougal at Ouanaminthe, Haiti. Have also pulled duty with General Thomas Holcomb, Ralph Keyser, Tom Warsha, Ollie M. Schriver and John J. Andrews.

On Page 18 are ChM Gun. Calvin A. Lloyd, an old rifle range coach, and that fine officer, Major Wm. J. Whaling. I competed with him at Camp Perry in 1930 where I met many of the finest men in the Corps. These were all men who could give excellent account of themselves with rifle or pistol, any day of the week . . . under any weather conditions.

Again I want to say that this was a fine article and thank you for printing it. I know it brings back memories to many of the old-timers, just as it did to me.

Chas. N. Lakosky
Waupun, Wis.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY?

Sirs:

I am enclosing a picture taken from my home town paper. It seems that this guy Tuohy thinks he is the beguined Marine on the transport.

Well, he's plenty fouled-up. The Gyrene in the picture is Corporal Albert E. Biscanin, formerly with I Co., Twenty-second Marines. Three of my buddies have already sent me pictures like this and asked me what the scoop is on this guy Tuohy. So I am asking you to give me a hand.

Will you run this picture and see how many gripes you get?

I just want to see that Al (Biscanin) gets the credit rightly



coming to him. Incidentally, this picture was taken aboard the USS Leonard Wood.

Pvt. James Day
San Diego, Calif.

• *The Coast Guard, whose photographer took this picture, identifies the coffee drinker as Tuohy. So does Tuohy's mother, a resident of Washington, D. C. Does anyone have anything to add to the controversy?*
— Eds.

A SPECIAL UNIFORM?

Sirs:

This article is written in hopes of stirring to actual voice and approval from all first pay grade personnel, the privilege of wearing tailor-made uniforms, in the same manner that Chief Petty Officers in the Navy are required to do.

This idea isn't new, nor is it just a brain child. From the

scores of men I have contacted, it seems that more than a majority favor the idea — but never did anything about the idea. I'm in hopes of getting this thing started, or at least getting comments, whether for or against the idea.

Each rank has its privileges, all the way to the top. So before there are any comments for or against, let's think twice before giving an honest opinion. Look at the Navy: there are no hard feelings between the enlisted ranks, just because their first grade CPOs have a uniform similar to those worn by the officers. There is no reason why the same thing could not be worked out in the Marine Corps. One can very easily note the respect sailors have for their CPOs. That respect is lacking today in the Marine Corps for us who are in the same pay bracket — why?

Primarily the difference in the uniform explains it; secondly, it's the man who wears it and knows how to use his rank. Doesn't it seem fair and justified, fellows, to have us share the same privileges in the Corps?

We'll need it now that the Corps is going back to peacetime standards.

What about it, all you salts, young and old; how about helping out in getting the Marine Corps to adopt the policy of clothing the first pay grade in tailor-made uniforms — whether we have to pay for them ourselves, or get special allowances for their purchase. I think the tailor-made uniforms would really set off our first pay grades, just as those of the CPOs in the Navy.

MTSgt. R. W. Hughes
El Toro, MCAS, Calif.

• *Present plans of the Marine Corps are, after September 1, that all officers and enlisted men will be clothed in the same type uniform.*
— Eds.

VERY UNLIKELY IT IS

Sirs:

Can you give me a bit of information regarding the Marine Corps?

Recently I heard from a sailor, who has no great love for the Marine Corps, that Marine officers are no less than Annapolis graduates who were in the lower portion of their class — those who could not make the grade for the regular Navy. This sounds very unlikely to me.

Can you set us straight on this controversial issue?

Miss G. B. Hilton
Washington, D. C.

• *The Marine Corps draws 30 officers from each graduating class at the Naval Academy. At one time midshipmen were allowed to volunteer for the Marine Corps and the top thirty men in the class were the ones who usually chose the Marine Corps.*

To prevent the Corps from getting the cream of each class, the Navy adopted a little different method.

Now, those midshipmen who were assigned to Annapolis from the enlisted ranks of the Marine Corps get first choice. Next come those

(Continued on page 56)

COLGATE CLOSE - UPS



Gyrenes
call Irene "Pyrene"...

'cause she tells guys with tender, hard-to-shave faces how to put out the "fire" with COLGATE BRUSHLESS...one no-brush cream that's specially made to shave off wiry whiskers in smooth comfort!

Abhorrent Warrant

Ol' Broken-Stripe will be the Broken Type if he doesn't wise up to COLGATE BRUSHLESS and clean-looking shaves! It stays moist an' keeps your beard soft so you can shave close without snaggin'!



From S/SGT
to M/MRS

Bum shaves gave me a pincushion kisser...so she gave me COLGATE BRUSHLESS, the easy-to-use shave cream that doesn't dry out... so I gave my face a fast once-over...so now my kisses have "Velvet Voom"... so now she's mine!

GET COLGATE BRUSHLESS SHAVE AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE—TODAY!

Of course the extra stripe is nice, sir... but I'd rather have

MORE ICE CREAM!

Yes, indeed! Nothing's more popular with service men—at mess, or in canteen or ship's store—than rich-tasting, true-flavored Ice Cream.

Made with Golden State Powdered Ice Cream Mix it's the velvet-smooth, super-mellow, home-made-tasting kind that everyone prefers. Easy to make, too...JUST ADD WATER—FREEZE—AND IT'S ICE CREAM!

Golden State Powdered Ice Cream Mix—in Vanilla, Chocolate, or Maple flavor—is packed in 4½ lb. and 25½ lb. moisture-proof tins.

GET COMPLETE INFORMATION . . . and a FREE copy of our helpful Mixing and Serving Manual . . . on request. And, when you're in the neighborhood, be sure to visit our Ice Cream Laboratory.



Just add water... freeze... and it's ICE CREAM



GOLDEN STATE powdered ICE CREAM MIX

Golden State Company, Ltd., 425 Battery St., San Francisco 11

This Marine veterans' club, organized in downtown Baton Rouge, draws its members principally from the neighboring LSU campus



TO THERE OR

There's gold in those halls, for veterans who accept the benefits of the GI Bill. Louisiana State U. typifies what colleges have to offer

by Corp. Bill Farrell
Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE Congress of the United States has issued a two-sided challenge that, if met squarely, can give freedom, culture and general well-being a bigger shove forward than any other single action has ever done. In effect it has said to our educators:

"Here are hundreds of thousands of the country's finest young people — the men and women who proved worthy and able to defend this nation and democracy. Educate them, give them the best care and instruction of which you are capable. The nation will pay the costs."

The first response that comes to mind is: "College educations for everybody? Swell. Now we can all be doctors, lawyers, industrial chiefs!"

No longer need the institutions of higher learning be closed to those without wealthy families, to those encumbered by the primary obligation of earning a living for themselves and their families. The GI Bill of Rights provides funds sufficient to pay tuition and similar fees for any but the most expensive colleges and universities. It makes available money, in small but adequate sums, to meet living costs at these institutions.

But the Congress did not stop there. As Representative John E. Rankin of Mississippi said:

"If a boy wanted to go and learn how to paint houses, to repair automobiles, to raise chickens or to learn any other trade or special line of work, we did not think it was right to shut him out and say: 'You have to go to Harvard, Yale, or one of the State universities.'"

"In other words, not all of these men are high school graduates. Many of the best soldiers we have ever had never saw a high school. But when they come back home many of them are going to want training in some particular trade in order to make a living."

So provision was made to allow such veterans to take instruction in high school, or in grade school, if necessary. Trade schools approved by the states in which they are located, or by the Veterans Administration, may enroll veterans whose fees are being met by the government. Even such places as dancing schools, schools of music, photography, flying, and other pursuits, are not excluded. Many thousands of veterans receive financial aid under the GI Bill while obtaining instruction on the job.

Government payments paid out the small salaries they receive.

Congress as a unit, and its members individually, have taken pains to see that funds are available to enable the returned veteran to improve his education, his training, or both. This puts a fine big baby in the lap of the educators.

There is the question as to whether current college courses are really suitable even for those who have the required background for admittance to college.

"Is there a danger," asks President James B. Conant of Harvard University, "that an oversupply of graduates of our four-year liberal arts colleges might create a group of unemployed with a special grievance against the system in which they received an education?"

In other words, isn't it possible that some people will spend years studying languages, history and mathematics, and then make the bitter discovery that they are no better at making a living than they were before? It has happened. There have been college men who were forced to deliver telegrams or run freight elevators because nobody could find a more satisfying way of employing their cultured services.

There is room for argument over whether the educational system let them down, or whether it was they who misused it. There's plenty of reason to hope for the best. Knowledge of history and a variety of subjects can help make good citizens and interesting people, whether they all get rich or not. New York's Senator Robert F. Wagner supported President Franklin D. Roosevelt's optimistic view at the time the GI Bill of Rights was adopted, and he expressed his hopes in this way:

"The future of our country depends in great measure on the quality and extent of the education of our citizens. There should be a new birth of creative activity after the war — new inventions in science, new cultural developments, and, most important of all, new social inventions to harness the economic and political forces of the world, so that they will serve mankind instead of destroying him."

"Just as the free public-school system has been a tremendous force for democracy, this provision for the education of millions of men and women releases unlimited resources in our young people."



Most colleges detail experienced educators as counselors to veteran students. LSU's Dr. L. B. Lucky knows most of his charges by name and record. He is always ready to advise them

Photos by Sgt. Bob Smith
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

CHALLENGES TO LEARNING

F. R. B. Godolphin, who served 30 months in the Marine Corps, most of it overseas with the Fourth Division, has returned to Princeton University, where he is dean of the undergraduate college.

"If we have any faith in our educational system, we must realize that any extra education any of us get, benefits the whole country," he said. "You can't always see direct results, but you have to have faith that in the long pull you've got more alert, more enlightened citizens."

Dr. Conant wants to see us get as close as possible to the "unattainable" goal of making education available to everyone, in as great quantities as each of us can profitably absorb. He believes the federal government should help to adjust the meager opportunities that face the youth of smaller communities, as compared to those in big cities. He holds that this aid should be offered without strings that would bind and hamper free education. And in the GI Bill of Rights the Congress has done, in the special case of veterans, what Dr. Conant would like to see practiced on a broader scale.

Congress has put the educators to the test. The colleges, biggest group affected by the multitude of GI students, have many problems to meet. There is the question of housing, complicated by the fact that many ex-servicemen have married. There is the scarcity of qualified instructors. There is the sudden influx of great numbers of first-year students. Enrollment in the other classes is meager by comparison. There is the problem of maintaining harmony between beardless upper-classmen and battle-tested freshmen. And with all this, there is the knowledge that in two or three years the spring freshet of veteran-students may shrink almost as abruptly as it swelled.

There is that other side to the challenge from Congress — a challenge to the veterans. To the millions of young veterans, the GI Bill says:

"Here is your opportunity, the chance that was offered to few of your grandfathers, your fathers, or even your older brothers. Here is your chance to obtain greater education, and you won't have to sell papers or wait on tables or borrow money to pay for it — the nation will foot the bill."

That's plain enough. You can have a college course if you want it badly enough, though some fellows will have to prepare for college by taking accredited correspondence courses, or filling in necessary high school courses. Even then, not everyone can obtain admittance to Yale or Princeton. But admittances are limited by necessity, rather than by choice. And a recent survey has indicated that there is room for considerable increase in the enrollment of many of the smaller colleges.

In general, the colleges seem to be attempting to admit students on the basis of their qualifications. A man who made a good record in high school is more acceptable in college than a fellow who just ambled through. Veterans, for the most part, are being accepted on a par with other applicants. But the veterans are showing up well in the race for knowledge.

Columbia University, in New York, reported 5000 GI students were enrolled for last semester. Dean Harry J. Carman said they were earning better grades than non-veterans. Louisiana State University had 2700 ex-servicemen. Of these, 161 were former Marines. The University of Minnesota had some 9500 veterans. On the West Coast the University of California had 3000, and more thousands seeking admission.



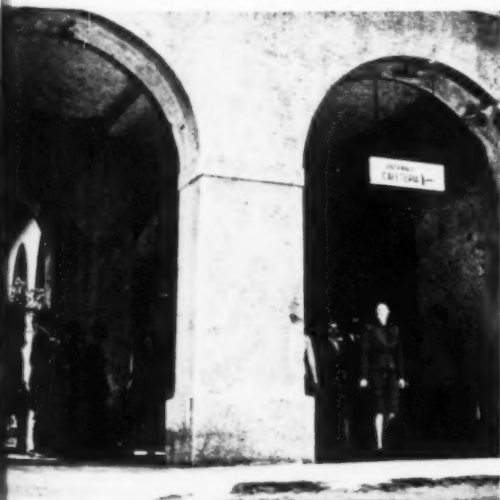
Dr. F. R. B. Godolphin, Princeton dean, served overseas as a captain with the Fourth Division



One of several veterans in journalism class, ex-Marine Bernard Reed sits in front center



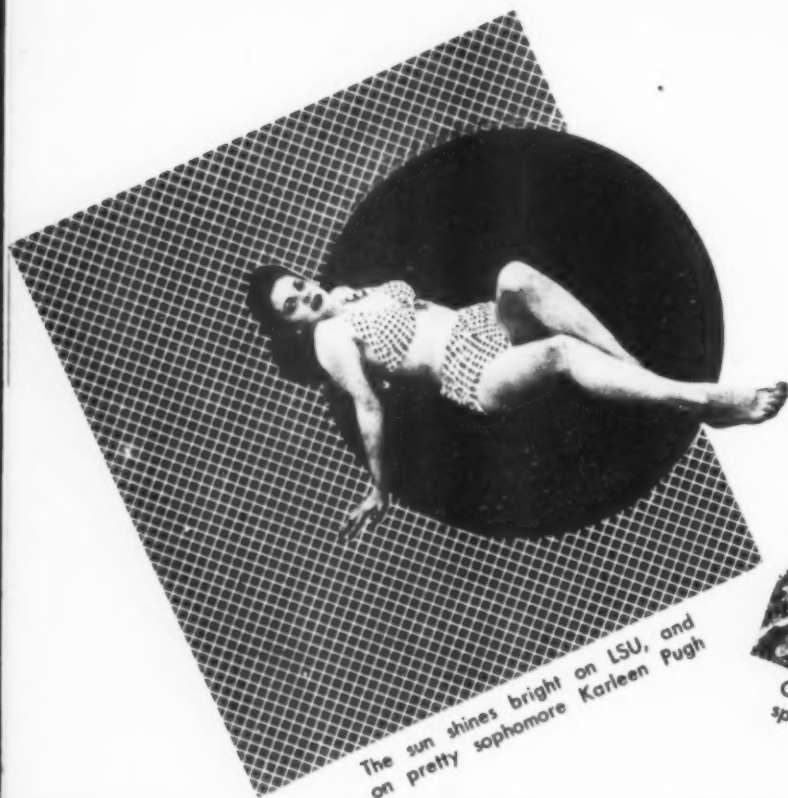
Pat Almond is studying forestry, and must spend hours in the laboratory. He was in the 4th Raider Battalion



Attending college does not release a fellow from standing in line. This is a chow line



LSU's football stadium helps solve housing problems. It has rooms for some 2000 men



The sun shines bright on LSU, and on pretty sophomore Karleen Pugh



Carrying an M-1 on Okinawa did not spoil Pat Almond's eye for a .22



Friday night dances are popular. Tickets cost 50 cents, and there's a good amateur floor show



Miss Huye makes a striking picture at bat. But take a look at that rare, old jalopy, in the background



Betty Ellender and Val DuFour dance a tango for the Friday floor show



The Answers

BY THE end of last February, 1,190,033 veterans, not including those disabled and entitled to rehabilitation under Public Law 16, applied for educational benefits under Public Law 346, or the GI Bill of Rights. These are some of the questions those men asked, and the answers provided by the Veterans Administration:

Q. What benefits may a qualified veteran receive?

A. Payment of tuition and similar fees, not to exceed \$500 a year, and in most cases monthly subsistence payments of \$65 to a veteran without dependents, or \$90 a month to a veteran with one dependent or more. Subsistence payments are limited to 48 months.

Q. How do I calculate the extent of the benefits to which I am entitled?

A. For a minimum of 90 days' active service in the armed forces, you are entitled to one year of education; you also are eligible for an additional month for each month served, including the three months in the initial 90-day period. That is, a person with three months' service receives 15 months' credit, a person with eight months' service receives 20 months' credit.

Q. What is meant by one year of schooling under the Servicemen's Readjustment Act (GI Bill)?

A. One calendar year (12 months) of schooling. If you are entitled to three years of education or training under the Servicemen's Readjustment Act, you may attend the 36 months, or four ordinary school years of nine months each.

Q. What is the latest time at which I may apply for these educational benefits?

A. Four years after discharge, or four years after the end of the war as determined by Congress, whichever of these is later. But if you re-enlist now, you may wait until four years from the termination of your re-enlistment.

Q. Where should I apply for such aid?

A. Either to a regional office of the Veterans Administration, or to the school you wish to attend.

Q. I am employed. Can I meet all the requirements for a college degree by late afternoon and evening work?

A. Some colleges and universities have served the needs of employed workers for many years by offering a complete program of instruction in the late afternoon and evening hours. With the exception of medicine the requirement for a degree in any curriculum may be met while employed full time during the day. Since it takes proportionately longer to complete the college work on a part time basis, approximately 60 per cent of the veterans in the past two years have preferred to obtain subsistence benefits from the Veterans Administration and attend college full time.

Q. May I transfer from one college to another?

A. Yes, under the regulations of the Veterans Administration, which require approval by the Veterans Administration in advance.

Q. Before the war I made a poor scholastic record. May I have another chance?

A. Even if a veteran's previous academic record leaves much to be desired, under Public Law 346 he can go to any school that will accept him. Under Public Law 16 a course of training to rehabilitate the veteran will be selected after an aptitude test, and, if the results indicate that he is qualified to undertake college work with reasonable prospects of success, he will be admitted conditionally.

Q. What if I want to attend some course where instruction is intensive and expensive, but not long in duration — a brief medical refresher course costing \$1000, for instance, or a flying school. May I do this under the GI Bill?

A. Very probably, yes, but at this writing (early in May) the Veterans Administration is just working out ways to enable veterans to do so, in accord with a recent amendment of the GI law by Congress. It is expected that a man entitled to two years' benefits, will be allowed to shoot the works — \$1000 in fees — on a single short course, if he wants to. Each case will be handled individually. But a fellow can't double up his subsistence that way.

The warm Louisiana climate brings out the Latin in the folks. Dances like this one by Evelyn Taylor are big hits



The price of staying at college is study, and work like Paul Fontana is doing at his drafting board. Those who fail their courses are expelled

LSU has many students from Latin America. Music by these went well



Murry Huye helps maintain the university's reputation for pulchritudinous girl students



A year before this picture was made Arthur Arceneaux was piloting a night fighter plane



Now, with his bride, Patricia, he lives at LSU, studies engineering



Margaret Gates and Reed in the softball outfield



LSU baseball gained when K. J. Couvillion got out of uniform



Gridders N. J. Carden, J. D. Richardson, Maurice Chappius

FOR a pictorial sampling of college life *Leatherneck* selected Louisiana State University as a typical institution of higher learning. It is big, but not enormous. There are about 6300 students on the main campus, at Baton Rouge, and another 1250 in the medical school and two junior colleges.

Like a woman or a ship, no one college can please everyone, but LSU has a number of the features that are to be found on most campuses. There is more than the ordinary degree of pulchritude among the girl students; there are living accommodations for single men, single girls, and married couples, and even a few places for couples with children.

There are the sports and the fraternities and sororities that make up a big part of a full college career. There are the dances, held in a spacious room of the Huey P. Long Field House, or in some other of the university's many attractive buildings. There is no great amount of ivy, but there are palm trees and grassy mounds. There are lakes, and a handsome outdoor swimming pool. There is a corps of cadets, to which all able-bodied students, except veterans, must belong during their first two years.

There are picnic grounds. There's a farm and a sugar refinery, and a dairy, all of invaluable benefit to students of those matters. There is a journalism course, and courses in the arts and law and engineering. There are the dramatic societies, and a well-known school of music and voice.

Some or all of these things are found in various combinations at other schools. At Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, they have sports not found

at LSU — skiing and ice skating, for example. A college will be modified according to its purpose, location and sponsorship. A theological college won't have the scope of entertainment facilities to be found at a co-educational institution. The GI Bill, however, is flexible enough to send veterans who qualify to any type of school that is believed willing and able to give them a fair deal.

In talking to former Marines at LSU, we gathered they are fitting very comfortably into the somewhat detached, protected life of the university. They know what their incomes are, and how to get along. An unmarried GI student receives \$65 a month, a married one \$90. This is just about enough to live on, but it can be padded out with part-time employment if necessary. Students suffering from service injuries, enrolled under the rehabilitation plan, usually receive more.

With their material needs taken care of, the veteran-students have time to go to classes, to study, and to take part in social activities. They are a godsend to the football teams and other sports units.

Here, in no particular order, are some of LSU's ex-Marines:

Francois Dennis Gravois of Edgard, La., is 21 years old. He was in the Corps from January 15, 1942, until February 2, 1945, when he left to accept a Congressional appointment to West Point. This

snakes and such for a long time. A freshman, he served in the Marine Corps from May of 1943 until last August, when he was discharged with a 100 per cent disability pension. Liner was a demolitions man on Saipan and Tinian, and operated a bazooka on Iwo Jima, where he was wounded on February 28, 1945. He was with L Company, 3rd battalion, 24th Marines. Living at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon house, he has learned to play bridge with his fraternity brothers, instead of the pinochle of his ship-board days.

John Dominick Mailhes, 24, of New Orleans, was a dental mechanic before beginning his three-year cruise in the Corps on September 12, 1942. Now he's studying to be a civil engineer, and will try to telescope that four-year course into three years, with the help of summer sessions. He was in Headquarters Company, 2nd battalion, 24th Marines, and wore corporal's stripes.

Leo Thomas Bossier, 25, taught school before joining the Marine Corps on July 7, 1942. Now he is learning petroleum engineering. He spent 17 months overseas, and attained the rank of first lieutenant.

Kermit John Couvillion, 26, of Melville, La., studied at LSU from 1937 to 1939, spent three years and five months in the Marine Corps, and then returned. His specialty is a course in teaching, with emphasis on physical education. After serving with

the idea and reduced his own embellishment to a small mustache.

Here are four ex-WRs: Evelyn Mason of Oakdale, La., served with the Women's Reserve at San Diego, and was discharged as a PFC. She is studying journalism. Alice Richardson, of Little Rock, Ark., was a staff sergeant when she gave up her Marine career in Cherry Point, and moved on to LSU to study interior decorating. Myrle J. Mariferen of Racine, Wis., majoring in English, served at Camp Pendleton, Chicago and Cherry Point. She was a PFC. Ex-Corporal Florence Starnes, of Bogalusa, La., served at Marine Headquarters in Washington, played clarinet with the WR band at Camp Lejeune, and was stationed at Santa Barbara, Cal., Chicago and Cherry Point.

END



Paul Fontana and Claire Bieller menace a target



E. A. Liner, ex-Marine, studies a frog's insides

did not quite go through, and Gravois was released from the Army on July 22, on points. He has a 10 per cent disability pension, having contracted malaria and suffered an arm injury while marching through Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan. He was with M Company, 3d Battalion, 2nd Marines, Second Division. Now he is working for a degree in chemical engineering, and has been elected commander of LSU's post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Former Sergeant Pat William Almond, 24, of Minden, La., and ex-PFC Paul Joseph Fontana, also 24, of New Orleans, are roommates. Pat is studying forestry, Paul electrical engineering. Both were wounded, and receive partial pensions. Pat lost the sight in his left eye while leading a rifle squad on Okinawa, and Paul was hit in the chest by shrapnel on Guam, one of the islands on which he served as a radio operator. Pat was with the 4th Raider Battalion, later part of the Sixth Division. Paul was in the 9th Marines, Third Division. Paul's program, which is more or less typical, includes 15 hours of classes a week. He is taking social science, English, chemistry, mathematics and mechanical drawing.

Harvey Preston Delaune, 22, of Denham Springs, La., was a Marine from August 12, 1941, until October 4, 1945. As an air reconnaissance photographer he helped to map Guam and Bougainville prior to the invasions of those islands, and was a technical sergeant when discharged. He is studying law.

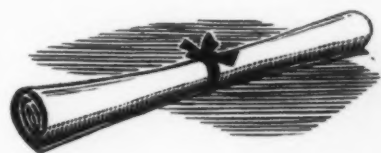
Ernest Anthony Liner, 21, of Houma, La., wants to be a herpetologist, having been interested in

the 10th Marines overseas, he returned and played in the outfield on the San Francisco Marines' baseball team.

Bernard Reed, Jr., 24, of Opelousas, La., entered the Corps on March 13, 1942, and was discharged December 7, 1945, after having reached the grade of Master Technical Sergeant. In August of 1942 he landed at Guadalcanal, where he did ground defense, radio maintenance and clerical work. He was attached to VMO 251, MAG 11 and MAG 42 at various times, and was in Platoon Commander School at Quantico at the war's end. He is studying journalism, in preparation for work on two weekly newspapers owned by his father.

Arthur Arceneaux, 22, of Gramercy, La., became a Marine air cadet on July 15, 1942, and won his wings October 27, 1943. He piloted a Hellcat for 13 months overseas, making ten bombing strikes and about 90 other missions. He downed two Jap flyers over Okinawa, and earned the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal. Released as a first lieutenant on February 6, 1946, he promptly enrolled at LSU for a course in chemical engineering. With him he brought his bride, Patricia. The two obtained a room in the Pentagon Barracks at LSU, which used to be devoted exclusively to the military, masculine cadet corps of the university.

Shull Vance, 21, of Jackson, Miss., was shot in the legs, arms and pelvis while with C Company, 1st battalion, 29th Marines on Saipan. A 60 per cent disability pension helps him meet living expenses while he studies agriculture at LSU. Shull tried for a while to get some of his fellow students to grow beards in imitation of his own, but gave up



Liner, a freshman, strolls to class with Evelyn Delery, a senior





THE BIG GREEK

by Sgt. Lucius F. Johnston

Leatherneck Staff Writer

AMERICA has many sources from which to draw her heels and heroes. She can get them off the streets of her smoky cities. She can call them out from Midwestern wheat fields. She can jerk them out of boots, mudholes, and sandstorms in Texas. But she had to import "The Greek." The Greek came to the United States in his 14th year to absorb the required amount of the three Rs, and to fail signally in the "Big H." He believed, with all the intensity of an unimaginative soul, everything to which he was exposed in American history books, but was unable to assimilate the faintest hint of the meaning, necessity, and efficacy of judiciously portrayed hypocrisy: the gentle hypocrisy necessary to endureable human relations; or even the slightly less agreeable hypocrisy needed to lure the Almighty Dollar. Hypocrisy in any guise was as foreign to his nature as belligerency is to an anglerworm.

He bumbled through several years in this country, and then went into the Marine Corps, still saying what he thought was right—or at least what he felt a genuine, 99 per cent pure American should think. This trait, and a very poor grasp on tense and syntax, earned for him "The Greek," a monicker used generally with indulgence, sometimes with contempt. To one of his nature a thing was, or was not; it was black or it was white. There were no in-betweens. A man of principle took sides and compromise was cowardice. Nowhere in his make-up was there a trace of a sense of humor. His idea of the laughable would have been the sight of a Republican (had The Greek been a Democrat) slipping on a banana peel as he left an election booth where he had voted a straight ticket. The political parties in the figure could be interchanged and we would still have just The Greek—poor, dumb, quixotic, argumentative, unamusing "Greek."

His transfer to China signified, to him, the need of his country in that theatre. There he wanted to be little more than one of the gang. Nothing could have afforded him more pleasure than to have been elected "The All-American Boy" of the 2nd Squadron, 1st Platoon, Co. G, 2nd Battalion, Fourth Regiment, USMC, Shanghai, China. Had such organizations been available, he would have been a vociferous member of the NCO Club, the Freemasons, the A Capella Swing Ensemble, the Home Demonstration Club, and the Elks. He wanted simply "to belong."

During hours of recreation he entered into games with a vigor that stirred grudging envy in less agile men, only to embroil the whole affair in an interpretation of the slippery meanings of "Hoyle" or whoever might happen to have written the rules for soccer, horseshoes, or checkers.

In the summer of 1941, he was transferred to the Philippines, still arguing, still looking for windmills to tilt, and still getting himself laughed at. Again his country had felt an urge, and there the matter rested. The fact that sighs of relief were heard in certain noncommissioned circles of Shanghai when he left was lost to his knowledge. He would have been neither interested nor impressed by the information, had he known.

In Cavite, a few days before Pearl Harbor's

J. De Grasse.

Nothing would have pleased him more than to be elected "All-American Boy" by his Marine buddies in Shanghai

"As a sentry rattled The Greek's jaw teeth with an open hand, the camp interpreter platitudinized. . ."



whatever-you-choose-to-call-it, he entered the battalion guardhouse with a lurid story of a sabotage swift and unexpected.

"There on the dock I was, walking my post, when somebody slips up behind me. Before I know he is there, he slugs me and pushes me in the water. Here, feel; I'm soaking wet!"

The Greek's inflection does not show on paper, but his heavy deliberate enunciation served only to make his foreign birth more evident, and in his case, more objectionable. The case of the sabotaged sentry went uninvestigated, leaving posterity unenlightened and possibly (let us hope not) uninterested.

The affair at Pearl Harbor probably caught him in the midst of a spirited defense of General Robert E. Lee's combat technique — he was from southern Greece. He entered into the affair at hand with the same verve that he took into a game of chess or any other contest of elusive issues. Just how he conducted himself during Corregidor's siege and assault is not reliably established, although there were many statements.

"Hell, you know The Greek. He talks loud, but when the going gets rough. . ."

Others were more charitable.

"Aw, he tries. He's just The Greek."

REGARDLESS of any valor he may or may not have displayed on the field, he became one of several thousand souls who had been unable to hold out. Such an absence of belligerent circulation systems is really depressing to think about, especially if one considers the gallant support lent these lads by a doughty Frisco news commentator from a precarious position over 3000 miles west of New York. Psychological warfare was carried to new extremes as this worthy taunted the Japanese.

"Corregidor still stands! The stalwart little fortress . . . blah, blah, and blah! Go on! She can take it! We ain't hardly begun to . . . blah-blah-blah."

During his first few months as a POW, The Greek learned how much confusion can be brought about with a tightly closed fist and fervently muttered threats. Soon there was a certain amount of unbelieving respect in the men's voices when they spoke of him. It was most surprising; it was utterly uncalled for; it was as if one had picked a mangy pup from a dark street to look out one's window the next morning and find that "a lion is in the street." Even should the analogy be strained, no one will dispute its force.

In his numerous encounters the opponents seldom knew whether they had lately insulted the League of Nations or someone's religion. But one thing was always made painfully clear by a pair of fists that were becoming unpleasantly proficient. The Greek usually put it in words, in this fashion:

"I ain't a-taking no . . .!"

Since at the time all prisoners were absorbing as much punishment as they could stand, they did not much appreciate The Greek's laying claims to immunity through great strength. It did nothing to ingratiate him with his fellow internees, and his popularity did not grow by leaps and bounds. In fact, there were some who hated him with all the venom that had been originally reserved for the Japanese.

Transfer to the islands of Japan followed shortly. It was on the trip that The Greek went himself one better. In an argument deciding whether or not he was going to take any of the above-mentioned razzing, his antagonist had his head thrown against a stanchion of the ore boat on which they were being carried. The blow resulted in a period of semiconsciousness lasting over two hours. Visibly awed by the damage wrought by his mighty hand — casual credit to the stanchion — he was heard to make a remark of contriteness (The Greek variety, of course).

"It's too bad, but I ain't a-taking no . . .!"

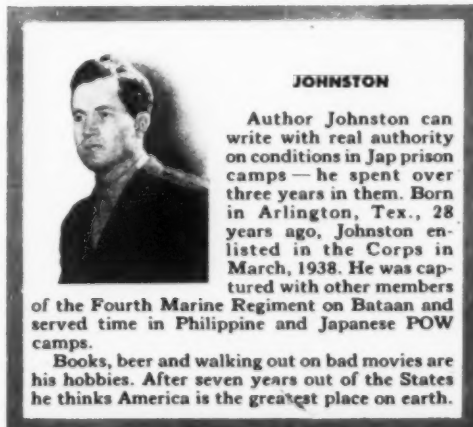
In Japan, work in the mines held not too many terrors for him. While others groaned about the ignominy of it all, The Greek dealt loftily in terms of International Whoosis and of swift, but slightly delayed, retribution. Any complaints against him would have been about the affairs in which he chastised weaker mortals for acts and words that were un-American, unenthusiastic about the chance of "Mac" ever getting back, and un-Greek. Because of black eyes and attendant stories that reached the camp doctors, his reputation with the camp authorities began to savor of the unsavory. It was at this period that he came as near to the humorous as at any time in his life, although quite unconsciously. One day, having exchanged with an intended victim the usual preliminaries accompanying "going outside and settling it like Greeks," he stopped short and said:

"Wait a minute! When you go over to the doctors all messed up, what are you gonna tell them? I ain't getting into no trouble!"

This was probably as near to hypocrisy as he ever came.

There was no fight.

Among the prisoners there was one man of sufficient guts to tell The Greek that his bluster was hardly as intimidating as he had been led to believe. Such Jovian indifference to possible, and always pending, Grecian annihilation was something that The Greek could not begin to understand, so the unimpressed one took a minor place among our hero's heroes — along with George Washington and Aimee Semple MacPherson. It was to this man



JOHNSTON

Author Johnston can write with real authority on conditions in Jap prison camps — he spent over three years in them. Born in Arlington, Tex., 28 years ago, Johnston enlisted in the Corps in March, 1938. He was captured with other members of the Fourth Marine Regiment on Bataan and served time in Philippine and Japanese POW camps.

Books, beer and walking out on bad movies are his hobbies. After seven years out of the States he thinks America is the greatest place on earth.

that The Greek revealed himself most. It was to him that The Greek confided his daily-resurrected conviction that just yesterday Boeing, or somebody, had built his 7936th B-29, and that the pulverization of Japan would begin promptly at day after tomorrow.

Had there been 130,000,000 counterparts of this man in America, the war might have been as short as one innocent senator predicted.

The Greek believed. He believed with all the fervor that an unthinking, one-sided mind is capable of. His faith may not have moved mountains, but it certainly gave some POWs uneasy moments. Faith of this nature is highly commendable in certain circles, but it is not sufficient to keep a man in good health. The diet should be supplemented with a tiny daily portion of rice. When one exists by the niggardly graciousness of the Japanese, considerable amounts of humility and carefully simulated hypocrisy perform wonders toward making existence worth bothering with. From this point of view it is easily seen that there were certain elements in the make-up of The Greek, that caused his hosts slight pain. Wheels were set in motion to correct the situation.

As a sentry rattled The Greek's jaw teeth with an open hand, the camp interpreter platitudinized:

"Why you always want to fight? (SLAP) Peace is so much better, no?" (SLAP)

The conference lasted through three hours and the stamina of four sentries. The Greek came away noticeably impressed. It is not known what sort of escapist mechanism he used to reconcile himself to the spectacle of a fire-eating descendant of Pericles getting his face slapped, but one can be fairly certain that he felt he had conducted himself as a man should, and had not taken any of you-know-what.

BUT the peace was not a lasting one. The Greek's next, and final, deviation from the straight and very narrow is hazy as to detail. Many words were blown about, probably having to do with the Japanese concept of "un-POW-like" behavior. Finally he found himself in solitary confinement — scheduled unofficially, but none the less certainly, for starvation.

The operation took 29 days.

The patient died.

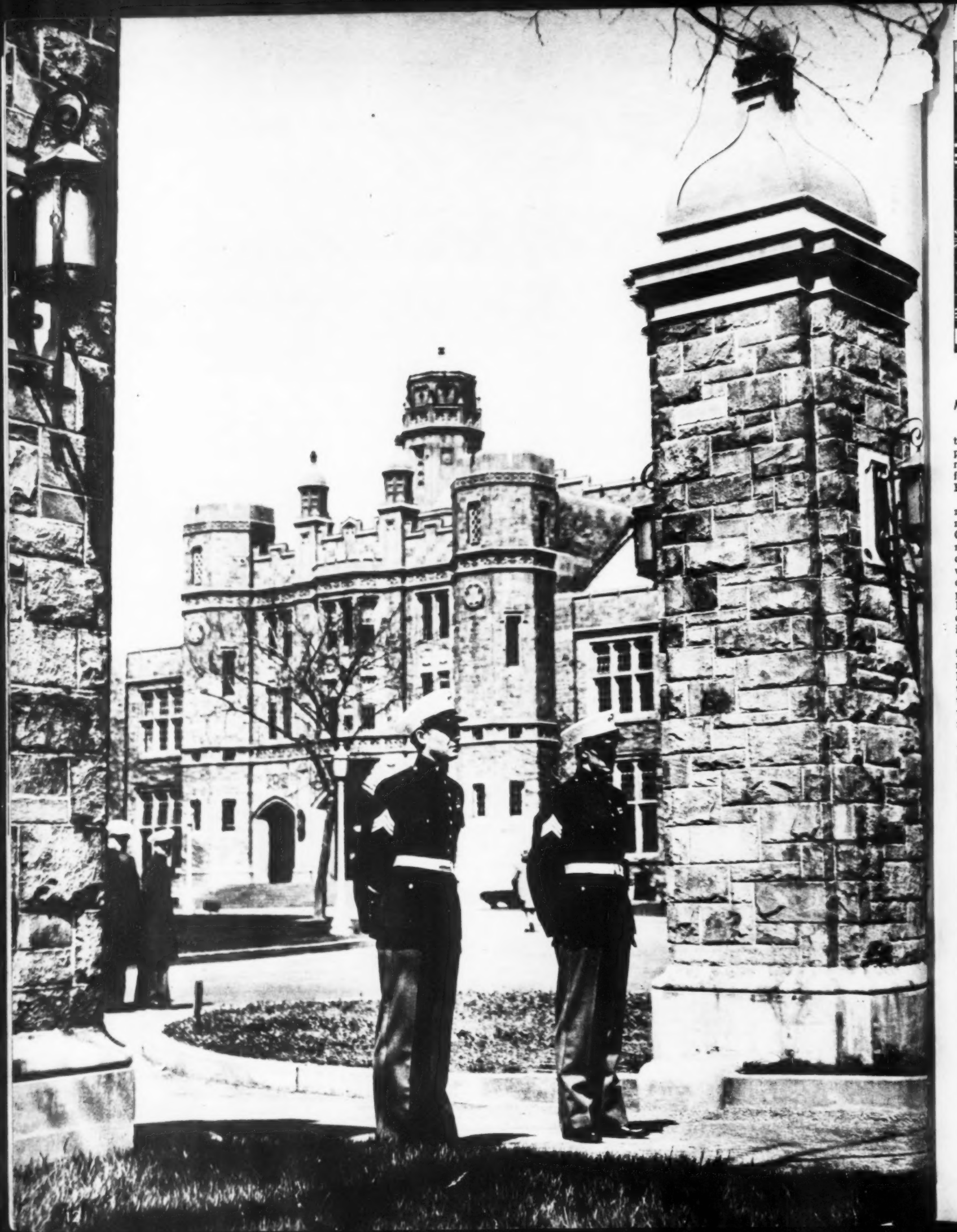
Therefore the operation was a success.

When the Atomic Unbelievable and USO Inc., had convinced the Nipponese of the superiority of the American way of getting things done, the case of The Greek was reopened. At their trial the Japanese maintained that he had been put away at the instigation of his fellow and superior prisoners. He was a troublemaker; he did not conform!

The reader might infer (although such inferences are not particularly desirable) that the sight of this poor misfit trying to be a man, as he understood the ideal, made other cringing, conforming genuflecting, rice and favor-currying creatures squirm in shame. Could it possibly be that they wanted him out of the way?

It must be remembered, however, that one's enemies are incapable of telling the truth, and that inferences are dangerous.

END



The Watch in the Bronx

by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THERE was a definite aura of strained silence permeating the big gymnasium-converted council chamber. The Russian delegate to the Security Council, Andrei A. Gromyko, had completed a speech to the assembly of United Nations representatives and settled back in his chair to wait for translations to be made in both French and English.

In that large audience, crowded into the gymnasium of New York City's Hunter College, no more than a half-dozen people understood the words Gromyko had addressed to the council. But his manner and tone had convinced everyone that the dramatic high light of the Security Council meeting was about to be enacted. For in that chamber, the day before, the Soviet representative had made it plain he would not attend any meeting discussing Iran's accusations against his government. As a counterproposal he had suggested a few weeks delay in the discussion.

The Security Council, despite this threat, voted 9 to 2 — Russia and Poland dissenting — for an immediate hearing of the charges Iran wished to make. Large numbers of Russian troops were being maintained beyond treaty dates in Iran, said Iran. With the majority of the Security Council members voting to hear Iran's allegations, the stage was set for an international drama.

When the interpreter had completed a translation in English an electrified audience watched Gromyko rise from his seat. Attended by three aides he gathered up his papers from the table in front of his seat and started for the exit at the right of the council chamber, followed by the other three. The complete silence that held the room was broken only by the muffled footsteps of the four Russians as they moved along in a little procession, and disappeared through the door.

The stillness was immediately broken by a stampede of newsmen. They rushed across the room, bunched up at the door in their mad haste, and dribbling through on the other side, bore down on the Soviet representative in chattering excitement. They never got to him. Blue-uniformed Marine guards firmly stepped in and, shouldering the scribes out of the way, escorted Gromyko down two flights of stairs and out to his waiting car. Not once did the meditative Russian let on that he heard the pleas of the reporters.

Marines were stationed at strategic points all along the route, from the council chamber to the driveway. When they had put Gromyko into his car another sentry passed him through the main gate, and the newsmen turned back to the building and the telephones.

Inside the chamber the Security Council resumed its session without the Russians. The Marines, picked for their job of maintaining order at this most important of international meetings, walked their posts quietly and alertly.

The official name of this UN detachment is the Provisional Guard, Headquarters, United Nations. It was organized under conditions that generally mark the hasty forming of any new unit. This condition has long been known to the troops as slightly fouled-up.

Officials of the United Nations had been slow to

inform the Navy Department that they desired a military guard composed of Marines. As a result of this tardiness word did not reach the commanding general of Camp Lejeune, from whose command the men were selected, until 11 days before the United Nations was scheduled to meet. Eleven days is a short time to select, organize and turn out a detachment in dress uniforms, to say nothing of the intensive schooling in new duties that was required.

The night the orders were received there was plenty of midnight oil burned in Lejeune offices. Record books were searched for men who could qualify for the duty. Each man selected had to have a clean record book, had to be a veteran of overseas service, and of an average height of five feet, eight inches. It was one of the most colorful details the Marine Corps had drawn since a similar unit had been sent to the World's Fair, some seven years before. The men selected represented the United States and the Marine Corps to the people of 50 other nations. They had to be the best.

When the detail of three junior officers and 75 enlisted men had been completed it was transferred to Philadelphia. Here, during the following four days, the quartermaster issued the enlisted men dress uniforms. Necessary alterations were made, of course, the appropriate rate and insignia attached. Then, shortly after the UN sessions had gotten under way, the new dress blues were introduced. The UN Marines were the first to get them.

These were the new blues that, for four years and more, had been a favorite topic of conversation and speculation wherever Marines hung out, from Quantico barracks to fox holes on Okinawa. Scuttlebutt had endlessly described a hundred different changes that were supposed to be in prospect. But when the Marines at Hunter College got their first look they found the new blues a lot like the old high-collar model. For the major change consisted of the addition of four pockets, similar to the green blouse that soon will go out of vogue.

For the first few days after it arrived in New York the detachment was quartered aboard the *USS Mercer*, a converted LST

tied up in the Hudson River. Four days later it was moved to permanent quarters at Hunter College, on whose picturesque campus such an important attempt at international peace security was soon to be made.

Not many months before, other Marines, the Women Reserves, had occupied the same quarters. Their gymnasium was now to be the council chamber, the holy of holies for international cooperation. The WRs had stood many of the same posts. Once used as a boot camp for the first WRs, the college had more recently been the scene of training for WR and Wave officers. The last of that personnel was moving out just as the UN detail swung up the drive, in column formation, to take over.

Organized under a regular table of organization, the UN guard began its post-walking operations under the command of Major Jonas M. Platt. Commissioned in 1940, the major went through the earliest sea battles of the war aboard the then spanking new battleship *Washington*, both in the Pacific and the Atlantic. He had advanced to his present rank before he was transferred to the beach in 1944.

Later he joined the First Division and saw more action on Peleliu and Okinawa. Finally returned to the States, he was assigned to the Plans and Policies section of Headquarters in Washington and was still in the Capital when organization of the new guard was begun.

His three subordinate officers are First Lieutenant William W. Wilson, the executive officer, Second

Marines assigned

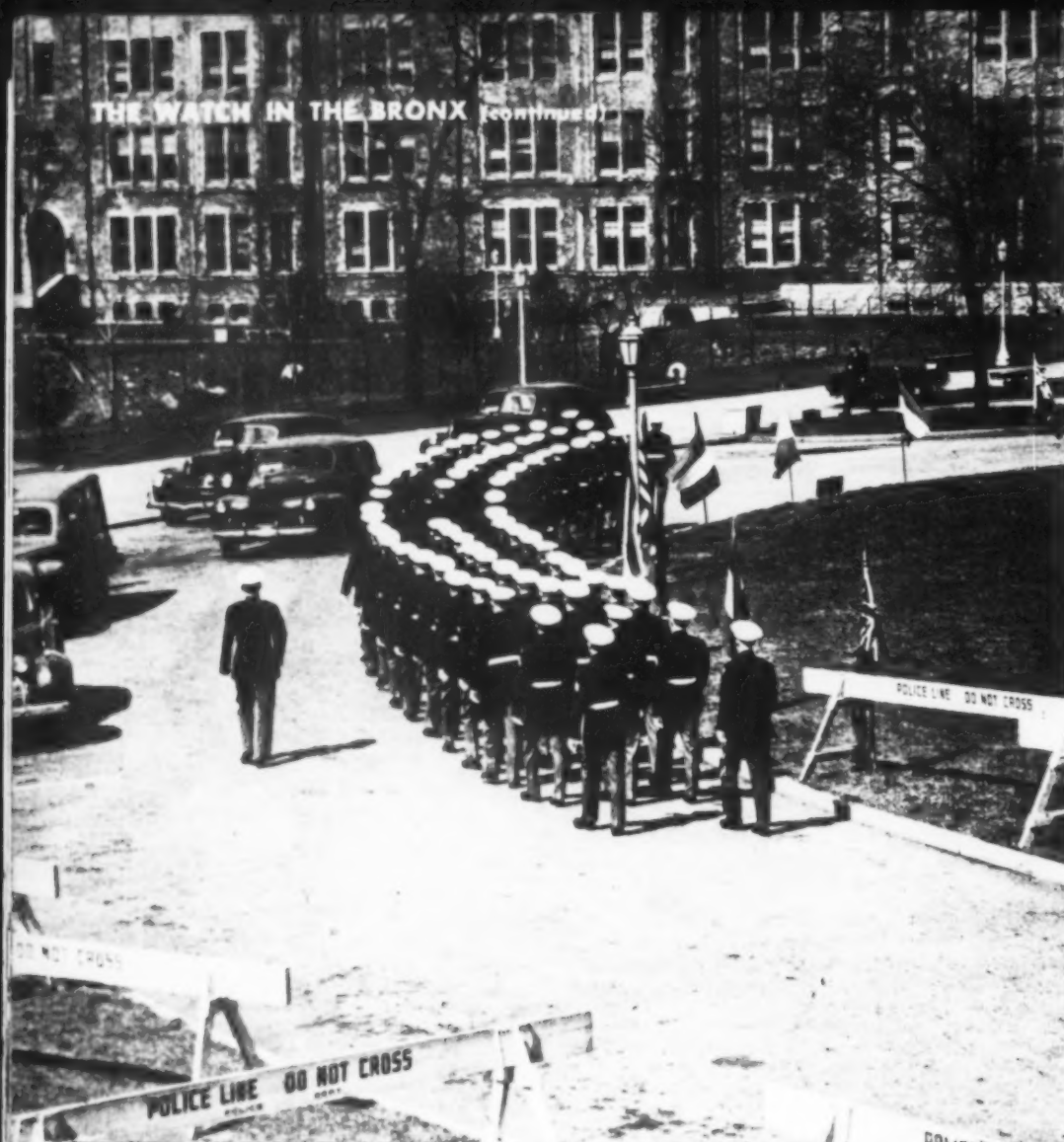
to guard United Nations meetings

on campus of old Hunter college

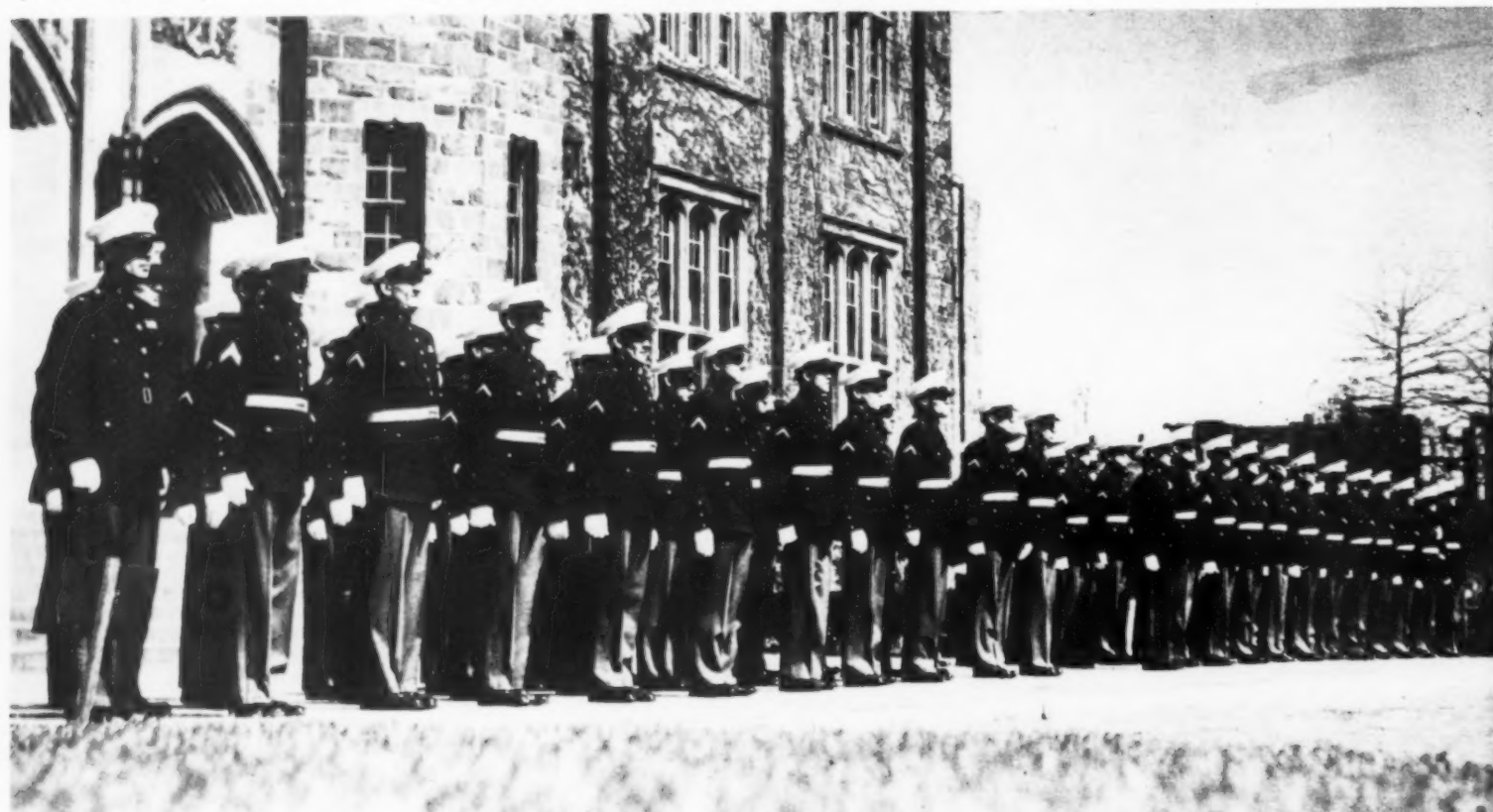
Photos by Sgt. Bob Smith

Leatherneck Staff Photographer





Even though these Marines never had much time for parade ground formations during the war years, they still put on a crack demonstration of military precision in company formation



This picture is reminiscent of days before the war when dress blues were the uniforms for all like formations. Here, attired in the new

uniforms, the Marine guard at Hunter College stands at attention in front of Student Hall prior to doing a little close order drill

Lieutenant Mathew Jaklewicz, and Second Lieutenant Jesse H. Lowe. All three are former enlisted men.

Lieut. Wilson is a veteran of both the Second and Third Divisions. He received a field appointment to second lieutenant from the rank of master gunnery sergeant. He holds both the Navy Cross and Silver Star Medals. Lieut. Jaklewicz, also a former enlisted man, and a veteran of the First Division, was in charge of the first UN guard platoon. Lieut. Lowe, second platoon leader, was a gunnery sergeant when he received a field appointment to commissioned rank. He is a veteran of the Fourth Division and holds the Silver and Bronze Stars for actions on Saipan and Iwo Jima.

THE complement of enlisted men was comprised of a first sergeant, gunnery sergeant, two platoon sergeants, five sergeants, one field music sergeant, eight corporals and 57 privates first class.

The posts surrounding the area being used by the United Nations were laid out much as one would expect to find any Marine-guarded terrain. Exclusive of the gymnasium-council building, where Marines were on duty only during actual meetings, there were six posts, all of them out of doors. A fence patrol on both sides of the enclosure, two posts in front of the gymnasium and cafeteria buildings, and a sentry each at the main and No. 4 gates completed the exterior system of guards.

Delegates and all authorized visitors used the main gate. No. 4 was for the goings and comings of the Marines. This was the only 24-hour post. From 2400 to 0800, security of the grounds and buildings was charged to the United Nations civilian guard. Gate No. 4 was maintained exclusively by Marines for Marines.

Even though the main gate—always the best duty on any guard—was manned by a team of one Marine, a New York City policeman and a UN civilian guard, it was the Marine who examined the credentials of all who passed. The special orders pertaining to this post made him responsible for any who gained admittance.

The first day of the Security Council meeting, when the rules of procedure were new to everyone, Sergeant Robert L. Williams, a veteran of the Second Division's Sixth Regiment, was kept busy on the main gate checking numerous credentials. He was so occupied when a long black car drove up.

Stepping up to examine the credentials of the

occupants, Williams noticed the car did not bear a sticker which permitted it to be driven inside the enclosure. After he had checked the credentials of the persons in the car and found them in order he politely informed them they could not drive the car inside.

One of the occupants leaned forward, and said: "Sergeant, I am Governor Dewey. I am expected at this meeting today."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant replied, "I recognize you. But since your car does not bear the proper sticker I cannot permit it to pass; those are my orders. You may walk to the meeting, though."

The impasse was relieved when an official at the pass bureau, located near the main gate, saw the situation and brought out a pass for the governor's car. Dewey was then allowed to proceed in his car.

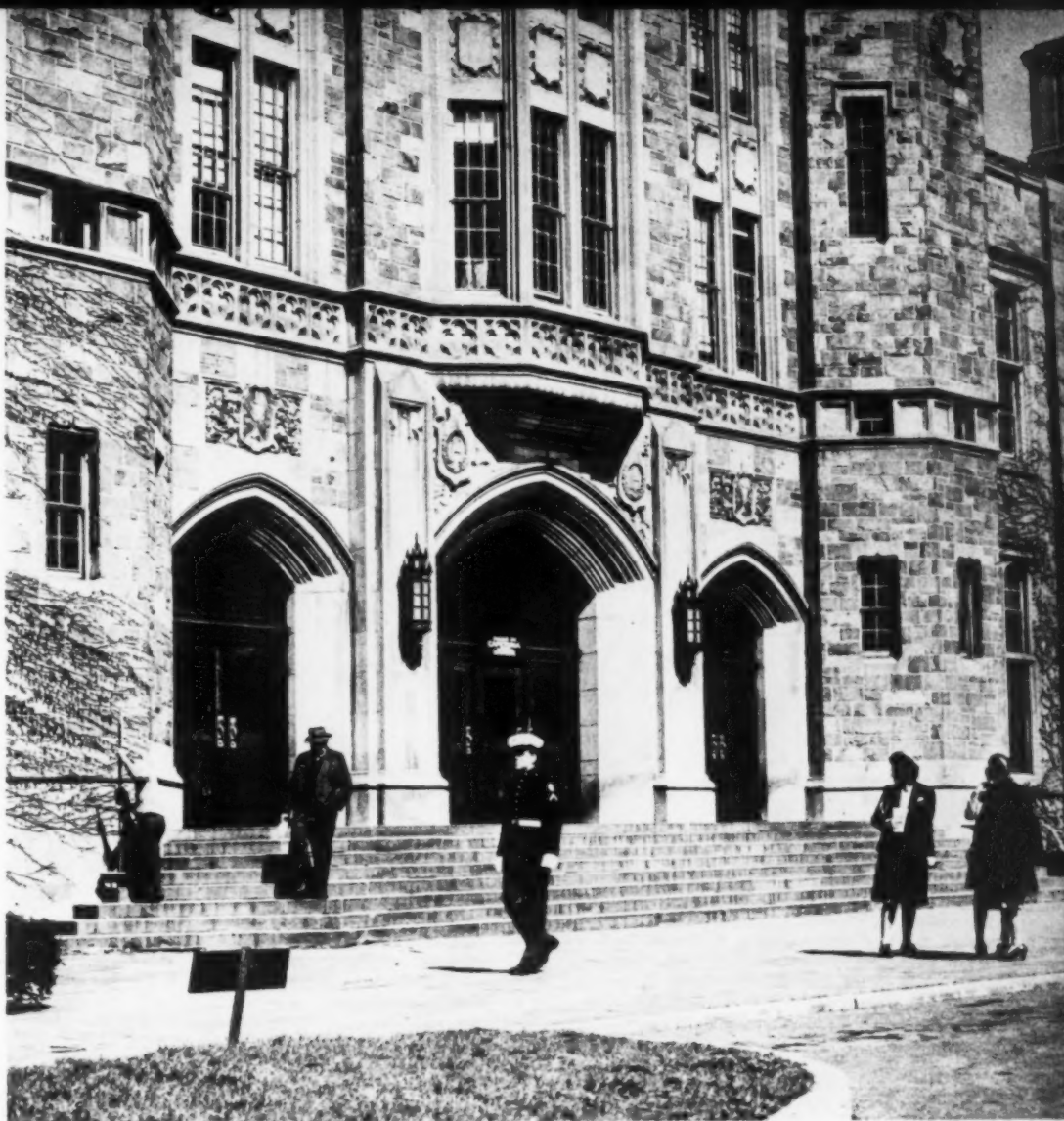
"The governor was very nice about the whole situation," Williams later explained. "I think I noticed a little grin when I very seriously explained to him that he would have to walk."

The guard was changed every four hours, providing the visitors with one of the colorful occasions of the day. Many of them had never seen the Marines in blues; others had all but forgotten that they wore anything but the green uniform, so common during the war years. So it was that the Leathernecks nearly stole the spotlight from the important visitors of 51 nations, as they marched from post to post relieving each guard with formal ceremony.

News photographers divided their attention between the dignitaries of the meeting and the Marines, who stood out everywhere in their red-trimmed blues, white caps, belts and gloves, their rows of ribbons and brilliant shoulder patches. Their decorations told a story — a story of men who had helped win a peace that the UN was trying to make permanent.

One of the most heavily guarded areas was the gymnasium, where the meetings were held. On days the Security Council planned to meet, Marines were posted in the building an hour prior to the arrival of delegates. Fourteen of them, in addition to civilian police, were stationed on all doors and stairways leading to the council chamber.

When a delegate arrived he was met at the car by the two Marines posted at the unloading point. They directed him to the West entrance of the building. The East entrance was used by the general public and press. From this point on, all persons entering the building were under constant supervision of the guards, for even the highest officials of the United Nations did



It looks like good duty; but all PFC Roy Downing can look forward to for the next four hours is a monotonous beat between two fences, broken occasionally by someone asking directions



PISgt. Richard Russell, sergeant of the guard, stands by to see that the old sentry on Post 3, PFC Ronald Allen, gives the new sentry, PFC

Jack Schmidt, the proper orders pertaining to that post. The changing of the guard was one of the day's colorful events for the visitors

THE WATCH IN THE BRONX (continued)



A number of special posts were maintained from time to time, wherever needed. Here PFC D. E. VanHorn, wounded on Tarawa, reports special post No. 1 secure to Lieutenant William Wilson, OD



Russia's Gromyko and aide arrive for a meeting and are met by Corporal O. R. Rhodes

not have free access to all parts of the building.

When it became necessary for a Marine to inform a delegate his pass did not entitle him to use a certain passage, a lot of tact was often required. Corporal O. R. Rhodes, Second Division veteran, stopped a man who evidently was in a great hurry, and asked to see his pass. When he had examined the proffered credentials, he said: "I'm sorry, sir, but you can't go through here; please use that passage over there!"

There was an angry reply from the delegate. He said he was in a hurry and that he did not have time to be running all over the building. But, in a polite tone, Corp. Rhodes explained that 14 different types of passes had been issued to people using the building, and that for the protection of the Security Council, each pass limited its bearer to

certain routes through it. The hurrying delegate was evidently pleased that he had been so deftly deterred from violating regulations, because he went away smiling.

"Some of those international diplomats up there" — pointing to the Security Council chamber — "could get a few pointers in tact from these Marines," remarked a policeman, who had witnessed the incident. "Rhodes could have thrown the book at that delegate."

The Marines did not conduct their guard entirely by the book. Too many unexpected situations were always coming up. A man did not have time to depend on the sergeant of the guard, or officer of the day, to straighten things out for him. The job called for a lot of clearheaded thinking and polite talking.

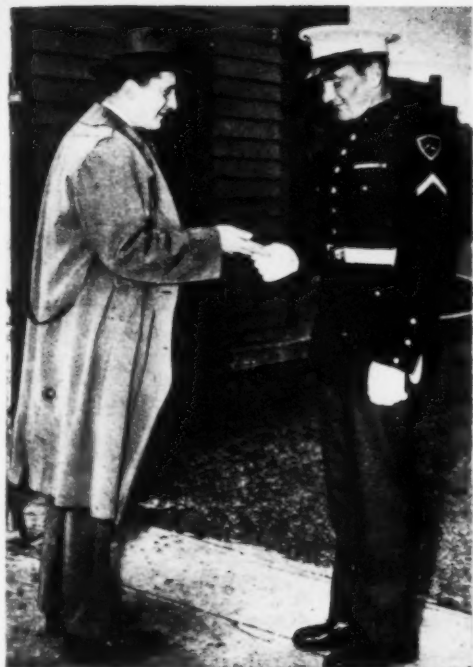
Platoon Sergeant John Nordhauser, with 14 years service and two tours of duty overseas with the First Division, was the only one of the detachment who had ever had any similar service.

"It wasn't too much like duty here, at that," he commented. "When I was attached to the American Embassy in Peking, China, we stuck strictly to the book and damn the consequences. Here, well, it's a different situation. We want to show these people that we can do just as good a job in peace as in war."

The most fortunate Marines were the five who had posts inside the council chamber. One man was stationed in the immediate area occupied by the officials, and four others were stationed at the heads of aisles separating the rows of seats occupied by the Secretariat of the Security Council and the



This is the meeting of world representatives for which Marines are helping provide security



The pass has to be in proper order to get by PFC Joseph Brabenec, on duty at the main gate



Liberty call always finds off-duty men ready for an evening in New York City. As usual there is a gate to pass, and PFC Robert Schneider makes sure that each man has authorized liberty

general public. These men, of all the guards, were best able to feel that they were a part of the history they could see in the making.

PFC John C. Weaver, veteran of Bougainville and Guam, was stationed a few feet from the council table. He was able to hear every word and note every expression on the faces of delegates. His duties were easy until each session was adjourned. Then many of those in attendance attempted to enter the rostrum area to congratulate or speak with some of the delegates, a practice that had been forbidden. Weaver was aided at this time by the other four guards, who moved down the aisles and took positions between the assembly and the rostrum.

If the Marines were outwardly pleased to have been selected for that important mission, there were

**The men selected to form U.N. guard
are veterans of overseas service and
represent various units of the Corps**



Unlike the representatives of many other nations, the Marines are no strangers to crow lines. Aided by a cafeteria employee, Corporal

Donald Austin loads his tray with both American and foreign style food. Corporal James Elliot waits his turn in line to do the same

THE WATCH IN THE BRONX (continued)



Two men, Sergeant James John and PFC Richard Ehlen, are checked out and issued their liberty cards by sergeant of the guard, George Jones



"A clean soldier is a good soldier." These three PFCs, Jack Clifton, Alfred Garnett and William Orris, work with just that goal in mind

others who liked the idea, too. Frank Begley, a former Connecticut State Trooper and UN security officer, took every occasion to express his pleasure that the Marines had been given the task. Anthony Coke, an Englishman and former RAF officer, who was chief order-of-the-day officer for the Security Council, had the same enthusiasm. A year before, a force of 108 British Royal Marines had performed similar duties for the UN when it met in England.

It has been definitely decided that the Marines would not be asked to furnish a permanent guard for United Nations meetings in the United States. Mr. Begley plans eventually to recruit and train a guard with representatives from each of the 51 nations. "You can't highlight the United States," he said. "Out here we are just one of the many countries represented. I believe two men from each

of the United Nations would give us a pretty good working organization."

The United Nations will give up its location at Hunter College on August 15. A new site, once prophetically referred to as the "World of Tomorrow," has been selected for the meeting of the General Assembly on September 1. The New York City building, situated on the grounds of the 1939-40 World's Fair, is being remodeled to accommodate the General Assembly. And the Sperry Plant in Long Island, N. Y., will be used to house the Secretariat.

These buildings will be the home of the United Nations in the U. S. for from three to five years. Present plans call for a permanent structure, possibly on the order of the beautiful palace of the old League of Nations in Geneva. The League's last gasp was an ironic gasp, incidentally. For it closed

its books, and its elderly personnel were standing around tearfully shaking hands good-bye amid Europe's wreckage as the lusty, quarrel-wracked UN opened its sessions at Hunter College.

I WAS standing on the steps of the gymnasium there, watching the changing of the guard on a bright June afternoon when I felt, rather than heard, someone stop beside me. It was Gloria, one of the prettiest of the secretarial employees.

"What do you think of them," I asked, nodding toward a bobbing column of white caps that moved toward us. The guard was being changed.

"It's odd, I think," she said, following my glance, "that these Marines, who fought the war, are here to keep watch over the fight for peace. Couldn't you say they are first in peace, as well as in war?" **END**



Before going on watch PFC Donald Joliff gets the final once-over from PFC Edgar Labigan



A frequent duty of Marines on patrol posts is that of giving directions. Here Miss Connie Kahn is oriented by PFC Alfred Imholte, formerly seagoing aboard the heavy cruiser, Louisville



Our school days were never like this! Lucky modern farm kids find the trip to school easy and fun in Dad's brand-new jeep



Snow jobs are a cinch for the versatile jeep. Farmers on back roads find this fact a big boon

New Jobs for Jeeps

**Where there's a Willys there's
a way to do everything**



Fitted with a special take-off, which is sold as extra equipment, your jeep can become a portable power plant

It's easy to make hay with the help of that belt attached to a take-off drum in the rear





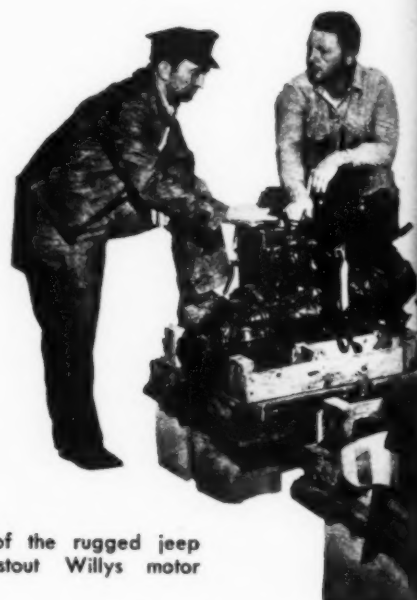
This ex-Marine has really put his money on jeeps. He sells them

GEORGE TIPPETT, late of the United States Marine Corps, laid down his paint brush and tore open the first letter that came to hand on the pile the postman had just delivered. It was a short note, from one of his first customers, a wealthy Marylander. One line jumped out at him: "... I don't see how I could get along without it."

The writer was referring to the jeep George had sold him a few days before. Tippet, who was just completing construction of his big service station and salesroom at Leonardstown, Md., had the

Willys jeep agency for that district and had already started business. His big trouble was a scarcity of jeeps, and he was promptly selling every copy he could get his hands on.

For the jeep, dressed up with a few civilian gadgets, has become a quick-change artist in the postwar world. A terrific boon to the military during the war, it now is being used as a tractor, a light truck, a mobile power plant with innumerable adaptations, and a highly maneuverable and economical town and country runabout.



Heart of the rugged jeep is a stout Willys motor



George Tippet believes in his product. Before opening a jeep agency, he graded the entrance driveway with one

Here Tippet proudly "hangs out his shingle" in front of his brand-new jeep agency in Leonardstown, Maryland



A jeep's extra oomph pays off whether it's for hauling ammo carts or trucks



Battling the bugs is lots simpler if you have a jeep-hauled sprayer to lighten the work

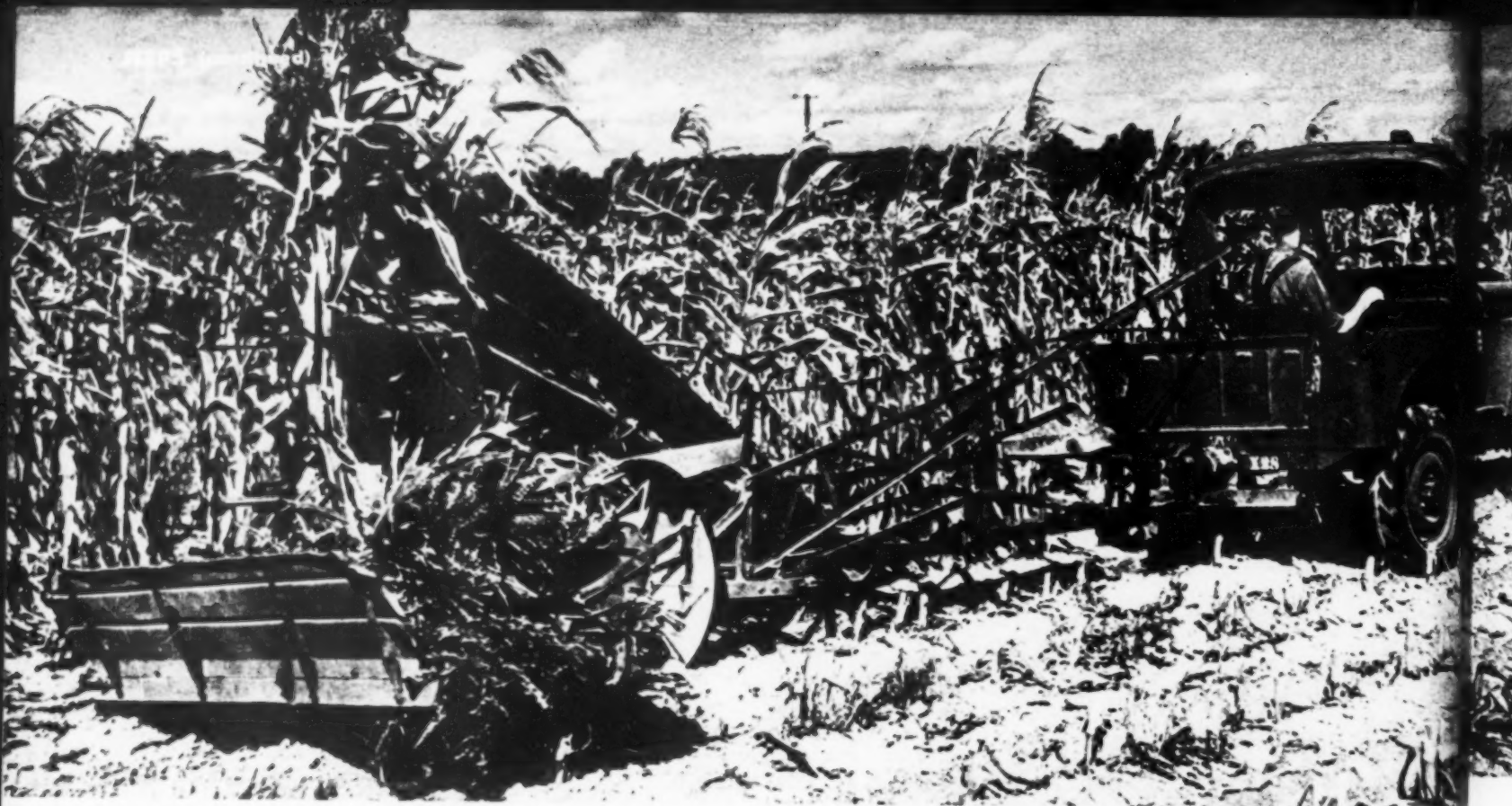
The jeep is a tractor and family car all in one. After doing the chores, you can drive it to town



Some farmers find pulling a gang-plow like this easier than using a tractor



Many backbreaking hours of work are saved by the handy posthole digger



Out where the tall corn grows, farm folks find the ex-war runabout a good gadget to have around. In Iowa, as on two, the jeep is a hit

New double gear ratio on the revised civvie jeep gives it a "low-low" for heavy jobs, and a top speed of 60 mph when driven like a car

Life on the farm is more fun, less work, when a jeep's on the job

Jeeps are being used to deliver power to corn shellers, silo fillers, cement mixers, paint sprayers, grain binders, posthole augers, stump-pulling winches, saws and a number of other machines. It hauls mail, pulls heavy loads in industrial plants, serves as a wrecker, moves air liners around on airports, pulls plows—has even been enlisted to shove empty freight cars around on factory sidings. It has stepped into the breach left by the departure of the old tin lizzie. Kids run down to the beach in it and go hunting and fishing.

Tippett, who was a corporal and drill instructor at Parris Island before he got out on a medical survey, was among the first to get delivery at his home in Mechanicsville, Md., a few miles from Leonardstown. The day his came he was like a kid on Christmas. He kept his wife and five-year-old son, George, Jr., out in the cold afternoon air for hours, watching him ride the range. This was in early spring.

He didn't go in to dinner that evening. He was too busy yippy-ing and wahoo-ing all over the



Isn't there any end to the things this amazing jack-of-all-trades can do? Pulling a disc is only one of its many time-saving tricks

Roundup time loses glamour, gains speed if "Old Paint" is motorized



Paint sprayer, like other accessories, costs extra, but can pay for itself in time saved



For hauling goods to market, a Willys jeep has all the pulling power that farmers need, makes it unnecessary to own a truck for such jobs



Dauntless babies that took the muck, sand and volcanic ash of battlefields in stride whiz through soft ground with ease. This time it's a seeder being towed

Kids still borrow the family car to snow their dates. But these days the jalopy is very often a jeep

barnyard. The next morning he went to Washington, D. C., 50 miles distant, and told the Willys people he wanted to sell their product in his home town area. He obtained another jeep on the strength of his being a salesman, and with the aid of the two jeeps, and two laborers, he built his showroom and station in three months. Jeep-power was used for cutting posts, pulling up stumps, spreading gravel, sawing boards and grading his driveway.

The label "jeep" first came to the attention of the public about 15 years ago. Then it existed merely as a character in the comic strip, "Popeye"—an imaginary animal looking as if it were half dog and half gooney bird, with the power of appearing and disappearing at will.

Four years ago a bug-like vehicle appeared in the advertising pages of most national magazines. It was continually hauling a 37-mm. AT gun for the edification of military equipment purchasers. Someone called it a "jeep," and the monicker stuck.

About this time Marines began to get to know and appreciate its value as an ammunition carrier and general burden-bearer.

With the end of hostilities the jeep, like all other veterans, was put on inactive status. In its conversion to civilian life some changes were made. These included adding a power take-off and improving its gear ratio. The former permits use of the jeep as a stationary power plant; the latter is necessary for maximum efficiency at a seven-mile-per-hour tractor pace. The public like the gear shift on the steering column and that is where it has been put. Improved shock absorbers and springs make for more comfortable riding. Side and rear curtains keep out the bad weather.

It looks as if the jeep is here to stay.



Hot dog! Here's a use for the jeep every Marine will okay! Its detachable seats and ability to take to the woods make it perfect for picnics. Sorry, the girls aren't standard equipment



There are at least two reasons why these young Gyrenes like the jeep. You can get a survey if you guess less than one



Jeep rides weren't always picnics, as many Marines have discovered. Leatherneck photographer Lou Lowery snapped this on two, as the first jeeps landed to join the fight



The Willys company claims that the jeep is easy to park. From the looks of things, PFC Donnelly has tested this claim to complete satisfaction

Camp Tarawa Postwar

THE Marines have come and gone for the last time, but the same wind I knew still howls through Camp Tarawa and the crossroad village of Kamuela.

It whistles through gaping holes in the flimsy buildings. It bangs shut doors with the crack of a rifle, or causes them to creak uneasily on rusty hinges.

Spiders spin cobwebs in the corners and my shoes leave prints in the dust on the floor. Yet in these same frail buildings men planned with tight-lipped secrecy the greatest amphibious operations of the Pacific war.

The big Quonset huts which served as warehouses and galleys stand silent and deserted on their concrete floors, soon to be dismantled and sold.

Weeds grow and cattle graze where tents once stood by the thousands. The surfaced streets which echoed the roar of convoys now are traveled only by an occasional auto carrying a curious visitor or someone who is here to inspect and perhaps to buy.

It is difficult to realize that 40,000 men once lived here. They were Marines of the Second and Fifth Divisions. Now many of them lie buried on Saipan, Tinian, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. There are more than 2000 in the Fifth Division cemetery on Iwo alone.

This camp is part of me. I breathed its dust and cursed its winds with both the Second and Fifth Divisions. And I remember as if it were only yesterday the December day in 1943 when the trucks brought us over the Saddle Road from Hilo to this vast, wind-swept expanse that was to be our home.

We were the Second Division and we had come from Tarawa. We climbed out of the trucks, our faces black with lava dust from the mountain crossing, and looked about us.

"Rest camp, hell!" we snorted. "Ninety miles from nowhere, and listen to that wind!"

The wind, it seemed, never stopped. The local inhabitants called it the Kona wind and we called it something else.

It blew the red dust into our eyes and nostrils; it covered our faces with reddish-brown masks and filtered into our pores; it tore at the flaps of our tents and caused us to toss, sleepless, in the night; it tugged at our clothes; it blew dirt into our food.

We cursed the wind, the water shortage, the dust, Hawaii, the Marine Corps and, most of all, the unnamed person or persons who had sent us here. And the cursing was not confined to the ranks.

But as the days passed this place became home. In the spring of 1944, the Second moved on to take part in the Marianas operation. In the summer of that same year the Fifth came. Then, in January, 1945, the Fifth sailed for Iwo.

What was left of the Fifth, after Iwo, came back to lick its wounds and train for the invasion that never came off. A bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and the Fifth sailed to Japan for occupation duty.

Now I have come back here, a stranger in civilian clothes, to look and to remember. I should never have come back; the place is full of ghosts. The memories are too vivid, too painful.

As I stand in the empty streets and walk through the deserted buildings, it is easy for me to imagine voices and visualize familiar faces of men now dead; to hear the clatter of mess gear as the chow lines formed; to hear the sweet, sad music of taps and the harsh reveille that brought us out of our bunks to shiver in the cold dawn.

I walked down Betio Road to the area that had housed my old outfit, the 28th Regiment of the Fifth Division. Faded and torn, but still tacked to the wall of the pay office, was a colored poster. It showed six men raising a flag on Mt. Suribachi. I knew those men; three are dead and three are living.

I saw that flag go up and since that time I have handled it a thousand times in the course of a bond tour.

I pushed my way through the weeds, mentally reckoning where the tents had stood and how many of their occupants were still alive. My foot came down on something hard and metallic. It was a beer bottle cap. I kicked up others. Andy's tent was here. Andy, who after six beers swayed like a tall tree in a strong breeze.

I walked on, my mind full of melancholy thoughts, recalling faces, names and incidents from the not-so-distant past. Ollie's tent had stood here, next to mine — Ollie Lumpkin, cook.

One day the phone rang in the first sergeant's office and Ollie answered.

"Is this Columbus?" asked a voice, giving the exchange name for division headquarters.

"Hell, no," said Ollie with disgust. "This is Lumpkin!"

Ollie is buried on Iwo.

A little farther down was where Bobo lived. Bobo was very young and his behavior was usually exemplary. But on New Year's Eve, 1944, a week before we left for Iwo, Bobo was so overcome with good will that he went calling on the general.

This was against the best advice of his friends, who pointed out that PFCs do not go calling on generals, even at New Year's. But Bobo was full of joyful tidings and went anyway.

He repented in the brig.

I wondered if Bobo were out of the Corps, if he married that girl back in Detroit, the one whose picture he always carried.

Up at division headquarters, the building least changed by neglect because it was the most substantial, was the officers' club. It had a fireplace with a stone chimney. Lying in the fireplace was a faded Christmas wreath.



The gaudy mural that decorated the bar was still there, although somewhat the worse for wear. Somebody had punched holes in some of the faces, but they were still recognizable. So was the face of the blonde next to the general.

From this building on Saturday nights came the high-pitched laughter of women and the deeper voices of men mingled with the tinkle of glasses and the sound of music.

I walked across the floor, my steps echoing through the empty building. I picked up an official folder from the floor and opened it at random.

"Secret documents will normally be transmitted in double sealed envelopes. . ."

I threw the folder back to the floor and went out. Somewhere a door banged shut and I jumped. It was foolish, but I could have sworn I heard voices.

THE people of Kamuela and the Marines of Camp Tarawa were good neighbors. Now that the Marines are gone Kamuela is lonely.

The children at Waimea school miss the familiar sound of the Marine band they could once hear as it passed along the road to Waimea Park promptly at 8 o'clock in the morning. In those days the children stood gravely at attention in the schoolyard and saluted as the colors went by.

When the school needed a bridge over the little stream that runs past the school garden, the Marines

built it. When the electricity failed, the Marines fixed it. When the children wanted ice cream, the Marines supplied it. When a horse or cow fell into a hole beyond its depth, the Marines came with a crane and lifted it out.

In return, the people of Kamuela, Kohala, Kawaihae, and Hanokaa, invited the Marines into their homes. There were instances, to be sure, when this hospitality was abused. There were also instances when Marine resentment was aroused by the hiking of prices in the restaurants and hot dog wagons that sprang up around the camp almost overnight.

But these were isolated instances and by no means the rule.

"What we miss most is the noise, the signs of activity," said Ed Lindsey, the school principal.

"My house was always open to them. They came and they went and sometimes they spent the night. They gathered fruit in the garden and they did their own canning in my kitchen. Sometimes I would come in the evening and find the house full of them. But they were well-behaved. More than anything else, I think, they were lonely and wanted a house to come to."

Mr. Lindsey has many things to remind him of his departed guests. Among those things are five dogs, all in good voice.

These are more dogs than Mr. Lindsey needs, but he hasn't the heart to give any of them away.

"They also gave me a pig," he said. "It's getting so big I don't know what to do with it."

Mr. Lindsey, like other Kamuelans, still gets letters from Marines, their mothers and their wives.

Harold Baybrook, foreman of the Parker ranch, and Mrs. Baybrook, remember the Marine bandsman who came to their house and played the piano. They also recall the sergeant to whom they gave milk so he could make oyster stew.

"That boy loved oyster stew," Mr. Baybrook said. "But when the Fifth Division came back from Iwo he wasn't quite the same. Of the five men who had lived in his tent, only two were left."

Sam Milne, of the U. S. Department of Engineers, lived and worked with the Marines of Camp Tarawa for two years, and he saw them come and go.

Now Mr. Milne, a salty Scotchman who lives in a little green cottage in Kamuela, is in charge of dismantling the camp for the Army, to which the property has now reverted for cleanup purposes before being turned over to its owner, the Parker ranch.

"That cottage of mine could tell some stories," said Mr. Milne reminiscently. "We used to have some pretty good parties there. That colonel — what's his name?"

Mr. Milne described the colonel and I supplied the name.

"Well," Mr. Milne continued, "he was annoyed by my radio and he was going to throw it out the window."

"You do, by golly, and you pay for it! I told him. So he went ahead and threw it out the window and then paid me for it."

Mr. Milne has a Japanese bayonet which a Marine corporal brought back from Iwo.

"He just walked into the office and handed it to me," Mr. Milne said. "Then he told me why. One day, before the Fifth Division went to Iwo, he ran into something and damaged the undercarriage of his truck."

"I guess he knew he would get one helluva bawling out from his boss, so he wanted to drive into our garage and repair the damage. I told him to go ahead and that was the last I thought about it until he walked in here with that bayonet."

Mr. Milne sighed and blew his nose noisily.

"It sure is lonesome here now," he said.

Suellen Cain Brightens up
a suit of dull sharkskin



Offering facts, figures and fancies
on what to look for
in bathing suits this
year. "The usual,"
our expert reports



With Jane Harker at bat, Leza Holland is ready
for whatever may come sizzling over the plate



Suzi Crandall, Angela Greene, Joan
Winfield warm wieners on the beach



The "Little 22" suit is by Cole of California
Cubes are supplied by Ruth Ann Lash

and the Beach

by Corp. Leonard Riblett
Leatherneck Staff Writer

FIGURATIVELY speaking, there will be nothing new at the beach this summer, but the girls will be showing a little more of it, a fashion note sure to meet with approval of the United States Marines.

But for men who have been behind the eight ball for the last three or four years, a word of warning is necessary regarding what they will find behind the beach ball. Not that the warning will do any good, of course.

When the Marines storm the beaches this month and next, they will run afoul of several types of booby traps and there may be casualties, matrimonially speaking. One of these traps is the "Diaper Suit."



The designer of this suit obviously had his dreams filled perfectly, by Martha Vickers

The Diaper Suit is an overgrown fig leaf with the stem removed. The stem is not wasted, however, for stylists have fashioned it into the suggestion — as bare a suggestion as possible — of a brassiere. The trunks, which designers are wont to call panties, are as brief as the answer to a request for a three-day pass. It is called the Diaper Suit because the trunks look like a diaper, and that takes care of that. The bra, which can be worn strapless, depends upon nature to thwart the laws of gravity. Unless nature has smiled lavishly upon a maiden fair, she can't wear a strapless bathing suit. This is one piece of apparel that cannot be camouflaged.

The rest of the 1946 bathing suits for women have the same general purpose — to be suitable for sunshine and admiration.

New York stylists believe bathing suits have reversed the 25-year trend toward immodesty, so *Leatherneck* went to California, which has its own ideas regarding sunshine and styles, for a preview of feminine beach wear. None of this going backward for California.

The Catalina Company, which says its suits are "styled for the stars of Hollywood," is a great believer in the benefits of sunshine. Catalina speaks with authority, being one of the world's largest manufacturers of bathing suits, and to them clothing the million dollar figure is a million dollar business. Their slogan is "Look for the Flying Fish," but who would pay any attention to the Flying Fish on a diaper suit.

This year's creations still run heavily toward two-piece styles. This *could* be due to the shortage of materials, but that would be a hell of an explanation. Attractive girls, especially *unattached* attractive girls, favor the trunks and bra because they get more sunshine in them. They also attract more attention. Marines, we know, are highly in favor of girls getting the maximum possible amount of sunshine. It is very healthy.

Leatherneck asked five Earl Carroll girls to model a few of Catalina's newest bathing suits, since a bathing suit without the wherewithal inside is about as interesting as a lecture on interior guard duty.

These girls go to work every evening through the door over which hangs this famous sign:

"Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world."

They certainly had the necessary qualifications for modelling bathing suits. Loretta Swanson, who wears the "Button Up Suit," does justice to its "copyrighted curves." Loretta is 21 and hails from Glencoe, Minn. When she left home the state's temperature dropped a full five degrees. She weighs 118 pounds and her poundage is attractively dispersed over a 34-inch bust, 24-inch waist and 36-inch hips. The Button Up Suit she wears gets its name from the buttons on the sides of the shorts. The buttons are not merely for decoration. They perform the time-honored function of the button.

Another best seller in the bathing suit market is the "Surfboard," which was worn by Peggy Pryer for our pictures. Both suit and Peggy are pleasing to connoisseurs of such articles. Peggy, who is 19 and five feet, seven inches tall, undulates in a fascinating manner between a 36-inch bust, 25-inch waist and hips that measure 35-inches. The Surfboard Suit, getting back to the story, acquires its name from the surfboard riding figure across the front. Designers are going in for such figures and names. A suit with the figure of a giraffe is called the "Giraffe Suit." Logical, isn't it?

It was necessary to check the important figures for Lynne Bowman, who has the perfect form, according to her press agent. Lynne is a 20-year-old Modesto, Calif., girl who has a 36-inch bust and 36 hips, these being separated by a 24-inch waist. (This checking was rough duty, men, rough!)

The "Whistle Suit" she wore was a perfect fit. The suit's name is a subtle implication that whoever wears it will attract many whistles. Lynne did.

Suellen Cain, the fourth of the models, is from Yuma, Ariz. She stands five feet, six and one-half inches, and weighs 120. There is poetry in her figure when she wears a suit of dull sharkskin. Vital statistics: 34-inch bust, 24-inch waist and hips that measure 35 inches.

Marquite Olsen, who grew to five feet, eight and a quarter inches in 21 years, is the tallest of our models. She weighs a shade over 127, this nicely apportioned over a 35-24-35½ form.

A word should be said about shoulder straps in the 1946 bathing suits. Many styles have bras designed in such a way that the straps can be worn or not worn, as pleases the wearer. They can be varied, with only one strap up, the other tucked in.

Some models have a halter that is attached to the V of the bra and tied around the neck.

Many suits have a detachable skirt. The skirt can be removed for swimming. Some suits come in sets, which include a play suit, skirt and slacks. In case you are interested, Catalina will have one bathing suit that sells for \$50.

The latest craze is for a beach towel that matches the suit. Catalina, for instance, has the Surfboard Towel. If your girl friend has such a combination,



Loretta Swanson, Marquita Olsen and Suellen Cain put all their trust in a big beach towel

and you want to carry things this far, a Surfboard Suit, in boxer trunk style, is available for men.

One-piece suits are more numerous this year than before, since women who cannot wear the two-piece jobs form a very effective pressure group. Some of these also are strapless.

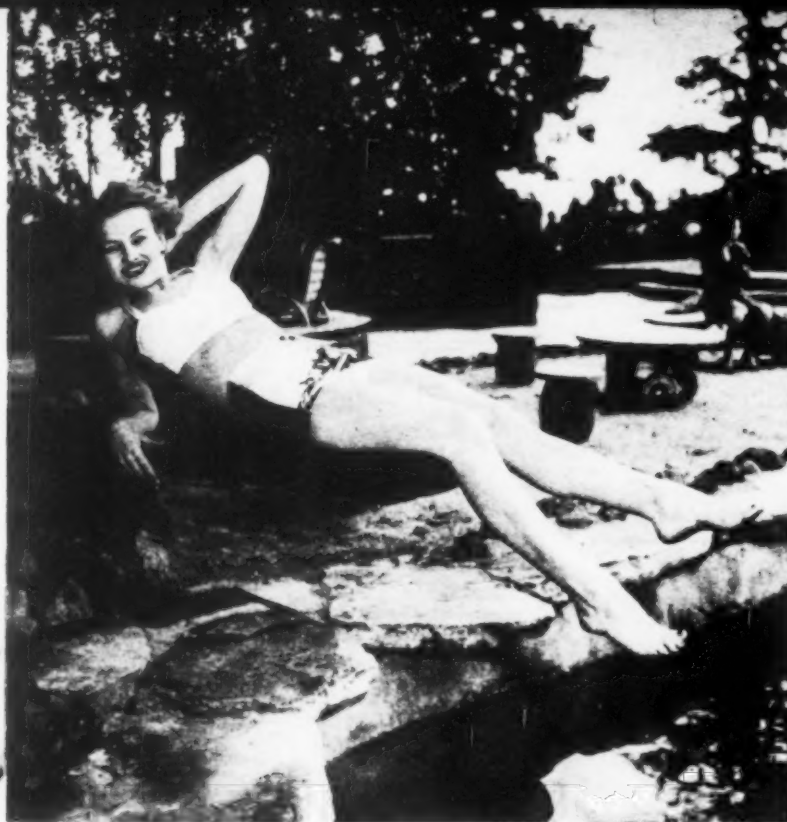
The most popular of these creations are made of cotton, and are more of a play suit than swimming garb. Like the diaper suit they tend to lend a small-girl air to the wearer. Some are cut like shorts, others like bloomers.

Bathing suits come in a variety of materials, patterns and colors. They also have a variety of costs, in case you want to buy one for a particular girl. Anywhere from \$8 to \$12 is a fair price for a well-made suit. But you had better let the girl select her own.

It looks like a fine summer — for eye strain.

BEAUTY (continued)

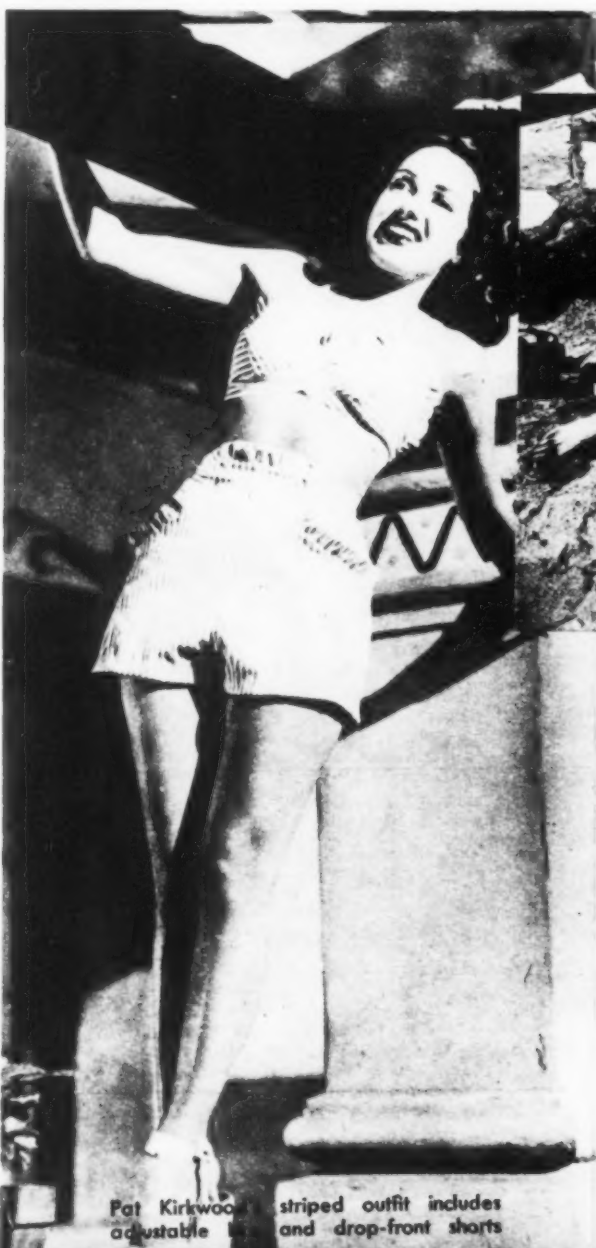
Betty Koch in a "Swoon Suit."
It has a zipper at one side



Lastex and bengaline (and Peggy Pryor) go into
this "Surfboard Suit." It can be had in two colors



Ruth Ann Lastuvka again. She now has
a skirt, but still minus shoulder straps



Pat Kirkwood's
adjustable striped outfit includes
and drop-front shorts



The initial cost of Marquita Olsen's
suit is \$10. The upkeep is even more



Dee Carveth's suit has two straps, but
she figures it's alluring to tuck one in



Angela Greene's garment is a play suit, which has red crepe under a "peek-a-boo" wool knit



Here is the "Button Up Suit." For \$8, it's not guaranteed to look as well as this on everyone



Remember Ruth Ann Lastuvka? With shoulder straps, at last



Marquita Olsen in what some poet has named "Whistle Suit"



This isn't really part of the story—Suellen Cain was just having fun. But the photographer took her picture, for fun



Has anyone noticed that not one of these lovely bathing girls has her suit wet yet? Oh well, it doesn't matter.



A girmo could be bugs studying the in Betty Koch's suit



Marquita's suit sells for \$10; the huge towel is worth \$3.50



Lynne Bowman does some dry reading in a \$6, two-piece suit called a "Luana Apron." It's made in black, with white trim



The round, firm, fully packed plastic balloon has nothing on this surfboard suit, as occupied by pretty Pat Kirkwood



Ava Gardner shows how a great big beautiful baby looks in a pink new "Diaper Suit"

BEAUTY (continued)



Time for a cooling drink? Mais oui. Seems strange a handsome girl like Janis Paige should be drinking alone, however. N'est-ce pas?



Pink dioper trunks feature Beverly Tyler's beach wear



Ruth Ann Lastuvka is beginning to seem like an old friend. We meet her wearing a fetching beach coat. The diving board is merely for atmosphere.



You wouldn't believe it if you were told Suellen Cain is taking a shower after a swim. Her hair's still dry



Grand finale! The five Carroll girls pose at the pool's edge: Marquita Olsen, Suellen Cain, Lynne Bowman, Peggy Pryor, and Loretta Swanson

This scene, like those in the other pictures showing Earl Carroll girls, is at Carroll's home. Marquita Olsen dons sandals beside a pool from which she has not just emerged





"Didn't you used to be Mess Sgt., in my old outfit?"



"Don't take it so hard, sarge . . . you'll pick up another platoon soon"

Leatherneck LAFFS



"There goes one of Harry's terrific snow jobs again"



"Well, now, I don't know. Do you have any suggestions?"



"Isn't it wonderful being back in civilization again?"



"I got the blues all right"



HOT OFF THE WIRE

by Corp. Kirby Katz
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Louis Lowery
Leatherneck Photographic Director



**An ex-Marine combat correspondent
fills new role as spot news recorder
for Chicago's CBS radio outlet WBBM**



WHEN Jim Hurlbut hit the beach on D-Day at Guadalcanal, he was not only the first Marine combat correspondent to ever see action. He was also probably the first Marine to make an invasion stark-naked.

As the fleet edged in for the landing, a Jap sub sent Jim's ship and Jim's skivvies both scuttling to the bottom. Rescued and transferred ashore, Hurlbut landed wearing only his helmet.

Today, as Director of Special Events for the Columbia Broadcasting System in Chicago, Jim is still showing a flair for the dramatic and unconventional. His dynamic and different radio show, "Hot Off the Wire," has set a new style for newscasts.

The principal difference between Jim's half-hour spot and old-style programs is that you actually hear

news in the making, instead of just hearing about it. The secret of this vast improvement is the amazing wire recorder, a device that Jim learned to use under fire. It gave Hurlbut the name for his program. Street sounds, police whistles, crowd noises and the remarks of important people come to you exactly as though you were actually on the scene.

Sponsored by a local furniture house, "Hot Off the Wire" is strictly local in appeal. Every Sunday at 1215, it brings citizens of the Windy City a roundup of big news breaks, human interest stories and other feature stuff in and around Chicago. Chicagoans go for it.

They heard about it in Washington and sent us out to follow Hurlbut around for a few days to see what was doing with the ex-Marine. When we landed in Chicago, Jim was there waiting to meet us, with

a big smile of welcome spread all over his Irish face.

"Glad to see you, fellows," he cried, rubbing his hands briskly and beaming. "Mighty happy you came! I've got a good schedule lined up for you — lots of good stories."

Fifteen minutes later we found ourselves jammed in the back seat of a car on our way to Evanston. Hurlbut was on his way to interview the president of Northwestern University about the housing problem for GIs returning to the campus.

That was the beginning of the busiest, dizziest 11 days we have ever spent. From Northwestern, where Jim snowed the prexy into making a special statement, we took off at high port for interviews with the editor of a Chinese newspaper, the weatherman, a couple of vets who are starting their own air line and a few other assorted characters who were y

HOT OFF THE WIRE

(continued)

making news in Chicago at the moment. After driving about 55 miles through heavy traffic and talking to a large part of Chicago's population, we finally wound up at parade rest in front of the CBS studios. The big clock on the Wrigley Building said 1830.

We were tired and all set to knock off for the day. But it didn't take us long to discover that Hurlbut doesn't really get going until about evening chow call.

"Look, guys," he informed us, "there's another stop on the schedule. I gotta run over to the Shrine Circus for a minute."

"You're going to interview a trained seal, maybe?"

"No, I did that about two weeks ago," Jim said blithely. "Got a little beast from the zoo to play the trumpet for us. Tonight, I gotta line up a broadcast from the high wire."

During our stay in Chicago we met such assorted personalities as ex-Marine Colonel Jimmy Roosevelt, the secretary of the Gary, Ind., Chamber of Commerce, a couple of well-turned models, Sheriff Mulcahy, the manager of the Chicago Blackhawks, and two trained dogs named Mutt and Jeff. All but the dogs were later heard on Jim's program.

The most dramatic stunt Jim pulled off during that time was the hair-raising high-wire broadcast. A stickler for honesty, he did this act strictly legit. Because of a rugged night before it didn't seem

feasible to us to be too much on the up-and-up about it, but Jim wasn't fazed a bit. He promptly looped a mike cord through his belt and climbed a swinging rope ladder to the lofty postage-stamp platform. There he nonchalantly hoisted himself onto the shoulders of stocky Otto Gretona, a member of the famous Belletti Troupe.

Below was a drop of 60 feet, straight to the hardwood floor. There was no net, not even a gym mat. To make things harder, attendants had rolled up the thin circus carpet.

"All set?" Jim called

"Ready!" everyone answered.

Slowly, like a mountain goat feeling its way, Otto edged out on the wire, and Hurlbut began his broadcast. The pair moved one foot, two feet, three feet



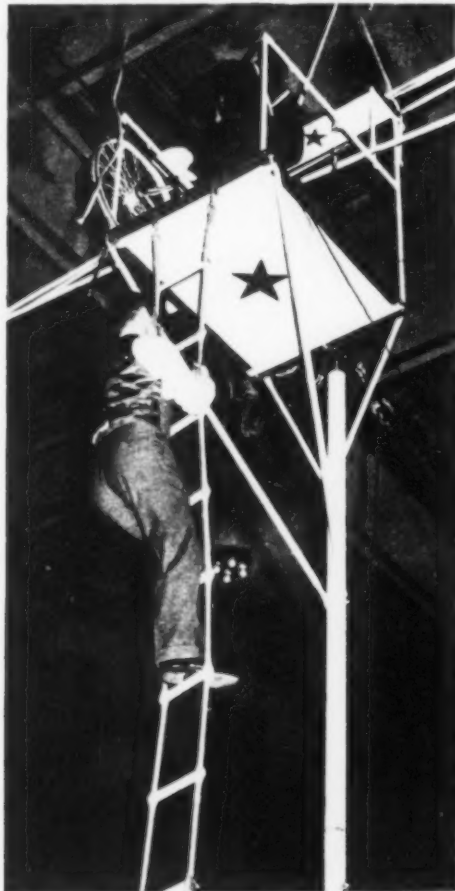
Before he even has a chance to enter his office and deposit his coat, Hurlbut is met by Betty Jane Jones, who shows him a probable tip



No time for dallying—Jim and Engineer Dick Hallett dump their gear into their car preparatory to racing off to cover a spot news story



Girls at the Shrine Circus assist Jim as he climbs to the lofty platform for his rope act



Jim's experience in "going over the side" was good training for this phase of postwar duty

Jim interviews Editor Spaulding Chau



Fires, interviews, sitting on a high wire, walker's shoulders are all in a day's work for Jim Hurlbut

out on the wire. Then, suddenly, Otto stopped. He backed up on the platform and stood there sweating.

"I can't make it!" he said. "My right leg — my knee — is weak. I can't stand the strain. I can't do it."

"Aw, c'mon," urged Hurlbut, patting Otto's leonine head. "We've got everything set up. Please try it!"

So, after much coaxing, Otto started again. Jim began his recording all over with a remark that "this is as comfortable as riding in the back seat of a Lincoln convertible." In 30 seconds they were across the wire. Jim swung down the ladder and walked over to the engineer on the wire recorder.

Said the sweating engineer: "Didn't you hear me yelling? I missed the whole first part of your broadcast!"

Luckily, he was mistaken. The spot played back clearly and brilliantly.

Making the recordings themselves is a small part of Hurlbut's headaches. After he returns to the studios, there are hours of cutting, filling, dubbing and rehearsing to do. With the show going on the air Sunday afternoon, that means close to a seven-day week for him.

Raised in Chicago some 36 years ago, he attended Beloit College in Beloit, Wis., just long enough to get himself initiated into Phi Kappa Psi, a top national fraternity. Then he transferred to Northwestern, where he joined the wrestling team and got "tossed around plenty."

It was at Northwestern that he first became affiliated with the Marine Corps. He joined the reserve, became a supply sergeant, and finally found himself eligible for a reserve commission. He wanted a regular commission, so he shipped over for a four-year cruise. At Parris Island he was top man in his platoon, and thus became a candidate for officer training.



A strike lures Jim and an assistant to near-by Gary to get a "man-in-the-street" interview



One ex-Marine and one Jim to another now — ex-Colonel Jim Roosevelt is just another celebrity interviewed by ex-Lieutenant Jim Hurlbut



In covering a model trailer exhibit, Hurlbut uncovers a pair of models Here Candy Tockstein and Jo Galloway tell how they like their trailer



Engineer Milt Korf adjusts the wire recorder as Jim prepares to put Prexy Franklin Bliss Snyder, of Northwestern University, on the air



"What's cookin'?" Jim gets the word on the compact kitchen ranges in one of the super de luxe trailers at the show from model Jo Galloway

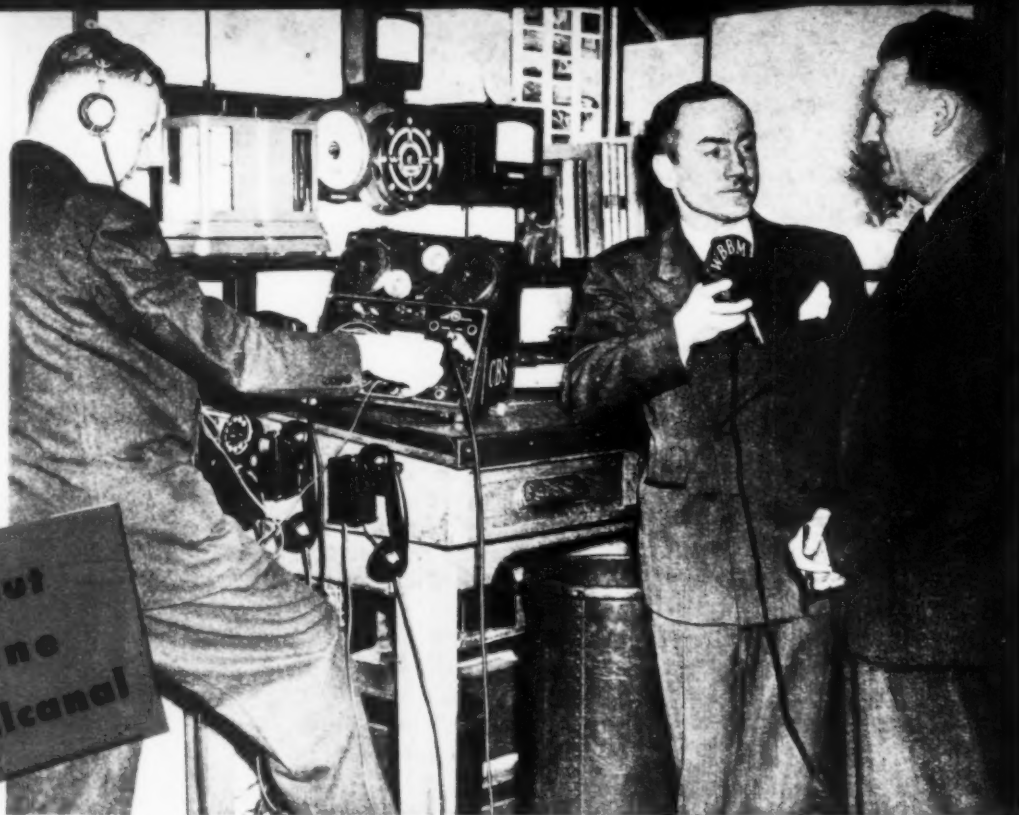
HOT OFF THE WIRE

(continued)

Jim examines the "ticker" for some news story leads



Ex-Marine Hurlbut was first Marine reporter on Guadalcanal



One of his regular features is a long-range weather forecast. Here he gets the dope from Gordon E. Dunn at Chicago Airport. This information is the same as that given to fliers

Just at that moment, he received orders to report to *The Leatherneck* as an associate editor. A writer at heart, he welcomed the assignment, even though it meant putting off the commission. After eight months on the staff, he was surveyed out on a medical discharge and returned to inactive status.

Jim liked Washington and decided to stay on. As a result, he landed a job on the *Washington Post* and later switched to a spot on the local CBS station.

One evening, while hurriedly catching chow between broadcasts, he looked up from his seat in the restaurant to see a pretty girl sitting across from him. He stopped eating and just stared for the rest of his meal. The next day he ran into her again. This time he acted even more schoolboyish. He began haunting the restaurant noon and night, in the hope of scraping up a polite acquaintance. But the girl disappeared. About a month later Jim was on his way

to a sports event with Arthur Godfrey, the famous radio commentator, when someone called out, "Hi Arthur!"

It was the girl.

"I practically knocked Art down to give me an introduction," Jim will tell you disarmingly.

He quickly discovered the young lady was tiny, vivacious Eve Greenbank, of Wooster, Ohio. Acquaintance revealed that she was even prettier at close range and that she was about to be married.

Hurlbut had to move fast. Like a good Marine, he embarked on a whirlwind snow job. Within two months he had convinced Eve she should enlist for life as mess sergeant to James W. Hurlbut.

Shortly before Pearl Harbor Jim smelled a fight coming and tried to get back into the Corps. It was no soft job, since he had previously been issued a medical survey marked: "Not to be re-enlisted." The Marine Corps was just establishing its combat correspondent teams. By Pearl Harbor time there was still only one CC, Sergeant Richard Wright.

Witness of a river rescue gets a light before he tells the story of the episode



Jim "listens in" on a conversation between a wounded army veteran and the pilot of a new air line. Later, the pilot flew the wounded man home



Music from a violin made with scrap wood in a German POW camp is wafted into Jim's mike at a POW camp handiwork exhibit. On the right is Colonel C. R. Greening of Tokyo raid fame



Glamor enters into Hurlbut's workday as he arrives to interview this brunette





His day's work over, Jim plays his recording back to decide on how to edit it. He doesn't appear excited about the part he is listening to



Recording Engineer Marc Green helps Jim transfer the best portions of his day's recordings onto the regular records



Among his other jobs Jim must bang out leads and inserts to be woven into the broadcasts



More men were being sought for overseas duty. With his background as an *ex-Leatherneck* writer, news reporter and radioman, Jim finally talked his way into becoming second CC in the Corps.

On 18 May 1942, ten days after re-enlisting, Sergeant Hurlbut shoved off on the *Wakefield* for overseas. The first American offensive of World War II in the Pacific was about to begin on Guadalcanal, and he was determined to cover the shooting. Hard-bitten COs had other ideas. A guy who "fought with a typewriter" was something new at that time and considered just excess baggage. Jim had to stow away to make the invasion. Even when he got to the island, salty line NCOs refused to let him ashore. A torpedoing and frantic rescue landed him on the beach, as we have already pointed out.

The dispatches Hurlbut wrote on Guadalcanal have now become part of Marine Corps literature. Living, fighting and sweating it out with the men in the line, Jim covered the battles of the Tenaru and the Matanikau. Later with Herbert Merrillat, then a Marine lieutenant, he brought folks on the home front their first on-the-spot reports of these dramatic battles. In salute to the job he was doing, Jim was promoted to technical sergeant and received this letter from Headquarters:

"If only Merrillat and yourself were here to see the thousands of clippings and pictures that are pouring in daily. . . You just can't dream of the spread that we get. Personally, in my opinion, your material establishes a reputation for our combat reporters that has unlimited possibilities. . . As you know, you are really pioneers, in so far as reporting on our first major engagement is concerned."

During the battles of Savo Island, Hurlbut spent three days and nights without sleep as he sat with his typewriter on top of a cliff and watched the fleets batter each other.

One of Jim's most famous dispatches was written about the ill-fated Goettge patrol, during which Colonel Frank Goettge and all but three others of the 25-man patrol were slaughtered. A good deal of his report was based upon an interview with Sgt. Frank Few (now a *Leatherneck* staff photographer), who escaped only by swimming four miles out to open sea.

Jim came through the 'Canal without a scratch. His closest escape occurred one day when he joined two Navy and two Coast Guard men in an attempt to rescue some fliers shot down off Cape Esperance. As they approached the scene, four 100-man Jap landing boats appeared and started machine-gunning the Americans. Armed only with one machine gun and several Springfields, Hurlbut



In the studio Jim directs a rehearsal which blends together his recordings and his typewritten copy

War to peace transition finds Jim chasing stories with a wire recording device he first used as a Marine

When the rehearsal runs long or short, Jim trims or adds to his copy to bring it to required length



Everything in readiness for a final timing rehearsal, Jim signals to announcer George Guyan who intersperses the recorded matter with fill-in material. The broadcast must be timed to the second



A record turner plays the finished records for the final and most critical appraisal by Hurlbut



Nightwork includes covering occasional hockey games. Here Jim records some between-the-game chatter by the manager of the Chicago Blackhawks



Finally home to the newspaper and the wife and kiddies. Even at home Jim continually stands by. His radio is tuned in to police broadcasts

and his buddies returned the fire and withdrew. Fortunately, it developed that the fliers had already been safely picked up.

In December, Hurlbut was ordered back to the States. He went on a tour to stimulate the sale of war bonds and to gain new recruits for the Corps. At the completion of this tour, he was sent to Hollywood to serve as technical director for the movie, "Guadalcanal Diary." In a recent *Saturday Evening Post* article, William Bendix, who was one of the stars of the picture, gave Jim special credit for the movie's success.

Following this assignment, Hurlbut was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to "The

Halls of Montezuma." He spent some time on this detail before being shipped back to the Pacific for more public relations work overseas.

Shortly after VJ-Day, he was returned to inactive status as a first lieutenant, with 89 points to his credit.

In the few short months he's been back in Chicago, Jim has made a host of friends, and has become somewhat of a figure there. Cops, hat-check girls, headwaiters and public officials call him by his first name. He has been made a deputy sheriff of Cook County and named advisor to Mayor Kelly. Everywhere we went he was greeted with affection and respect.

Dozens of other CBS stations have written him for help in establishing their own version of his dramatically new-type program. "Hot Off the Wire"

may someday become a national network feature.

Meanwhile, he's mighty busy. His blistering night-and-day schedule leaves all too little time for evenings with Eve or his children, young Jimmy and Pamela Sue. About his only recreation is a few hours of bowling, an infrequent poker or bridge game and an occasional night out with Eve. A doting family man, Jim doesn't like that situation too well. "But I'm crazy about my job, too," he confesses.

During our stay in Chicago, we had covered 500 miles of big-city driving, interviewed a score of public personalities and worn out six engineers in the process. As we rolled into our sacks that last night, completely exhausted, we wearily gave thanks we didn't have Hurlbut's job. We were ready to sleep for a week! But at 0200 the phone rang. It was Hurlbut calling from a South Side pay booth.

"Hey, fellows," he said, "Grab a camera and get the hell down here! We just caught a four-alarm fire!"



Jim beams as Sheriff Mulcahy of Cook County fastens a deputy sheriff badge on him. Jim has many honorary titles



No rest for the weary. At 2 A.M. Jim gets a hurry call from his office—a four alarm fire. Here he interviews two firemen working on the scene

END

Winchester sheds its
sober war garb for
renewal of celebration



Beautiful girls and a horn of
apples grace this snowy float



The color guard swings down
the town's main street as the
festival parade gets under way

PHOTOS BY PFC TONY ZAMBELLA
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

SGT. EDWARD J. EVANS
Leatherneck Staff Writer



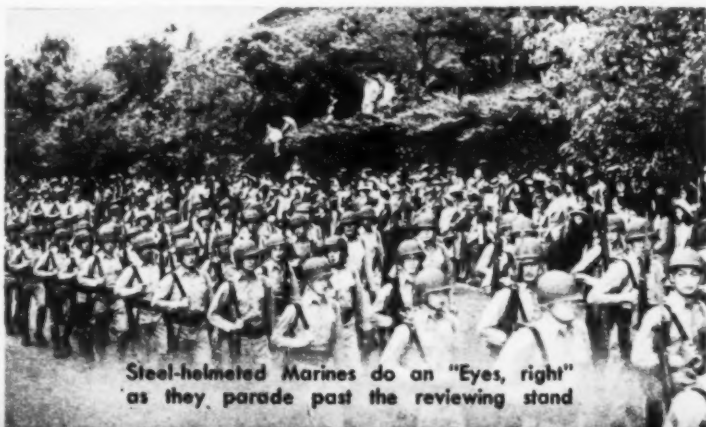
The Commandant stops for a few words and a handshake as he descends
from the platform after reviewing a parade led by a battalion of Marines.

A COMPOSITE battalion of Quantico Marines journeyed to Winchester, Virginia, and loaned their battle-ready touch to the 19th Annual Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival, held there during May. On "Vandegrift Day," they headed the hour-and-a-half long parade viewed by more than 75,000 tourists and natives.

Close behind the Commandant, who headed the parade as grand marshal, came the Quantico Post Band, augmented for the occasion by the drum corps from the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C. Other units of the battalion included two infantry companies, one from Marine Corps Schools Training Battalion, and one from the Rifle Range, and two artillery batteries, one of 105-mm. howitzers mounted in amphibious trucks, and one of 155-mm. howitzers drawn by prime movers, from MCS Field Artillery Training Battalion. The troops were all under arms and dressed in khaki with leggings, helmets and field packs. They made an impressive appearance.

On the preceding day, 16-year-old Nancy Anderson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, had been crowned Queen of the Festival by Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz.

But the pink and white apple blossoms were missing. Instead, an early spring had brought small green apples to the boughs. This was the first festival held since 1941, and the lack of blossoms did not curb the spirits of the participants.



Steel-helmeted Marines do an "Eyes, right"
as they parade past the reviewing stand



Another of the attractive floats at the first peacetime
renewal of the celebration was this apple storage number



Swede looked like the season's top pitching prospect, but he was a sucker for the curves tossed by a blonde

CROOKED FINGERS

By
Lieut. Alan Shilin
USMC

MANAGING a big-league ball club has got a high industrial mortality. You just can't do it and live long. Five years ago I was galloping around the outfield like Seabiscuit carrying a load of ephedrine. Today I couldn't hike into deep center field without pausing for a rubdown when I reach second base.

I'm getting old — fast! And it ain't baseball itself that's making my skull a collective farm for grey hair. No. And it ain't umpires either, though them blind characters could watch the atom bomb go off and call it "safe." It's human relations. See what I mean? It's how to win friends and influence a collection of ballplayers that is forcing me to install a wheel chair in my dugout.

I tell you, if Mr. Anthony could hit fungoes I'd seriously consider hiring him for coach on my club just to handle the human relations. Someday I'm gonna wire the front office and tell them to claim waivers on the first psychology professor who gets released from college.

Now take the case of Sigismund Hansen — the big, dumb, nice-looking Swede who joined the club at Crystal River, Florida, during spring training. Hansen was a Marine, just released by Uncle Sam. He stood six-foot-four in his stockings and he weighed in at two-twenty. He was a left-hander who got his training pitching grenades on Iwo Jima.

I was sitting in the dugout at Crystal River, listening to my limbs cry for liniment and wondering how my club could even finish in the first division without a southpaw, when I saw the big Swede come on the field.

"Woody," I said to the club trainer, "who is that man-mountain?"

"I dunno," said Woody, "but giving him a rubdown would be like laying down a B-29 strip by hand."



"... I'm gonna take the afternoon off. ... I just saw three things that ain't true!"

44 Anthony

"Come here, son," I called to the Swede, and he trotted over.

He told me he was a southpaw, just out of the Marines, and he had come direct to Crystal River from California to try out with the club. I looked him over close and found two corkscrew fingers on his left hand.

"I got a fist-full of shrapnel on Iwo," Hansen told me, "but it don't hurt my pitchin'. Fact is, them fingers make a pitcher out of me. You see, they put a hop on my fast ball and they give me a knuckler. Lemme throw a few, Mr. Bryan — you'll see what these crooked fingers can do!"

And brother, I seen what them crooked fingers could do!

He threw two fast ones by Taylor and then hooked a roundhouse over his knees. Taylor didn't even swing. He just came over to the dugout, tapped the water cooler, and said:

"Bryan, I'm gonna take the afternoon off and rest my eyes. I just saw three things that ain't true!"

Meanwhile, Hansen was throwing them down — fast balls, hooks, and knucklers and my batters was waving at him like they was trying to cool him off while he was having a catch. The best that Hughie Burns, my cleanup batter, could do was get a foul tip — and whether he really knicked one was a matter for the Pinkerton Agency.

My limbs stopped crying while I watched him pitch. I just closed my eyes and hummed a tune my mother taught me and I could see myself interviewing the scribes after we won the World Series.

I had a contract waiting for Hansen while he was in the shower that afternoon. And that night the scribes were wiring stories about "Crooked Fingers Hansen" — the magnificent Marine who was the fastest pitcher in baseball since Walter Johnson.

One thing about the Swede that made me as happy as his hook was that he didn't look like no social problem. He didn't drink or smoke. He was too shy to even start a conversation with the bat boy. And he didn't worry about winning the Daily Double at Hialeah when he was on the mound or off.

But you never know about such things!

You see, Crystal River is only twenty miles from Palm Springs and in Palm Springs they got as many dizzy dolls as oranges — and twice as drippy. Among the little rich girls who liked to run over from Palm Springs to watch the great big men play with the little white ball was a blonde, Susan Rogers.

And here, if you'll excuse me, I'll take an aspirin.

This Rogers babe had less conscience than an umpire, but she was an eye-ful. And when she got her hooks into a ballplayer, he couldn't hit a pickle with a fork or pitch a nickel into a juke box. You see, she collected ballplayers like some people collect geraniums or beer bottle caps. And when she caught a panorama of the Swede through the mist of her mascara — she went nuts. To her, Hansen was a double-header, two men for the price of one.

I COULD see the whole thing breaking. Everybody could but the Swede. The scribes were beginning to describe him as "the palpitating pachyderm." Only Hansen ain't the kind who reads the papers. He just went on letting this fifth column in nylons fool him with her curves.

But his pitching didn't show no difference. Them crooked fingers kept working and he looked like Bobby Feller in midseason form.

So I said to myself —

"Bryan, stop pinch-hitting for Mother Hubbard. As long as the Swede has them crooked fingers and that hop to his fast-one, what do you care if this babe adds him to her collection?"

The grapefruit circuit opened in March and we played an exhibition with the Red Sox at Crystal River. I let Hansen go four innings and I tell you not even Ted Williams could get one out of the infield. And you know Williams! The guy's got a jet-propelled bat!

Joe Cronin came around after the game and over a couple of cigars he said:

"Bryan, that big southpaw throws rockets. Where'd you find him?"

"The Marine Corps landed him on my beach for Christmas," I said.

But the next Thursday we played one with the Cubs at Mobile. Hansen was scheduled to pitch five innings — but he wasn't the same Hansen. I saw something was wrong as soon as he threw the first one. His mind was on the girl friend instead of on home plate. I climbed out of the dugout and looked at the crowd — but Susan Rogers wasn't there.

Then I heard a roar go up and when I turned

around there was Andy Pafko picking himself out of the dirt. The Swede had hit him with a fast one and it hurt. Pafko limped down to first and the poor Swede looked like he had just committed murder.

"Cheer up, kid," I yelled to him. "It happens to everybody!"

Next one he threw was down the middle above the knees to Billy Nicholson.

Now you don't throw them down the middle and above the knees to Big Bill. I don't know whether that ball has come down yet, but if it ain't, it's gonna kill somebody in Tampa.

I warmed up Hopkins and he relieved the Swede.

It wasn't until we got to the hotel that he told me what was eating him.

"It's Susan," he said.

"I can't believe it!"

"We had a fight — a difference of opinion."

"Sure," I said. "She don't want you to travel with the club. She wants you should stay in Palm Springs and pitch posies on the lawn."

"No," the Swede said. "She wants me to have an operation on my hand. Wants me to straighten out my fingers. She says my fingers look like — well, she don't like 'em."

By this time I have swallowed three fourths of my cigar.

"She says she'll marry me but only after I have my fingers fixed. She says. . ."

"Never mind what she says," I yelled. "Here's what I say!"

AND I tore into that big Swede for two hours. I browbeat him, pleaded with him, got down on my knees to him. But you see, he was dumb enough to believe that she'd marry him if he got his fingers fixed. And don't laugh! In 1939, I seen the best shortstop-prospect in the National League take elocution lessons when he should have been at infield practice, and all because some doll was stalling him.

Susan Rogers wanted them fingers straightened and I tell you the Swede was ready to do it.

I couldn't sleep that night. I just walked a hole in the carpet from 11 to 3. Then I went down to Woody's room. Woody is the club trainer but he is also my human relations expert.

"Woody," I said, dragging him out of bed. "You gotta break into the Swede's room while he's at morning drill. Understand? There must be — gotta be — another woman in his life somewhere!"

"You figure he's got a woman in his room?" Woody said.

"No! Look for letters, the sweet-smelling kind. And bring them to me. But tidy the joint up so's he don't know you were there."

Next morning while the squad was having batting practice, Woody slipped me a package of letters. The stationery was baby-blue and smelled like a hair salon. I knew we were on the right track.

I discovered that the Swede had a little doll in Oakland named Margaret Hendricksdatter. She was mad at him because he had come straight to Crystal River to try out with the club — instead of spending his leave with her in California. You could see it was just a silly little mix-up between them.

So I sent her a wire and a money order — told her to fly to Crystal River right away because I can't live without her. I signed it "Sigismund." Maybe I didn't do right, but I would stick up the First National Bank for a 20-game winning southpaw.

Then I sent a wire to Miss Susan Rogers saying that Dad is took with a load of pneumonia, come home fast, and I signed it "Mother."

We finished a four-game series with the Cubs in Mobile and Montgomery and then played one with the Atlantas in their own park. Next night we were back in Crystal River.

Well, Margaret blew in that night, parked herself in the hotel, and swung the Swede into line. (There's something about them big guys that makes them easy hitting for a doll.)

By the time Susan Rogers came South again, we were opening the season up North. The Swede married Margaret two days before opening day. He was still a little shaky when he started against the Braves. He allowed them two scratch hits and a long fly ball. But he settled down to win his first seven games with an earned-run average of 1.2.

His fingers?

They were operated on in Cincinnati about mid-season. Yeah. You see, Margaret didn't like the way they looked. She said they looked funny when he held a teacup.

But he won his next four games after the operation and one was a no-hitter.

So you tell me, Mr. Anthony!

END

HAIRCUT

Charley

"UNCOVAAAH — Two." This was it! This was the command of execution that could make the stoutest of Marine hearts quail. It meant that Brigadier General Charles Huntington Lyman would be looking things over this day.

Gen. Lyman is dead, now, but his name lives on in the memories of many a member of the Old Corps. Back will flash scenes of long ago — scenes that might have caught up with an old-timer anywhere from Sitka, Alaska, to the Isthmus of Panama, from San Domingo to Peking. For "Haircut Charley," as the general got to be known among the men, got around in his tours of duty.

Perhaps the general knew of the consternation he caused. He began his military career as an enlisted man — a soldier — during the Spanish-American War. Later he accepted a commission as a first lieutenant of Marines. He served in China during the Boxer Rebellion and thereafter, with now and then a short stay in the States, kept to the shores of foreign lands, wherever Marines might be stationed.

During one of those Stateside interludes he was ordered, in April, 1932, to Quantico as commanding officer. It was at this post that a majority of Marines first became acquainted with the matchstick rule.

The matchstick rule was applied with a devilish sort of instrument; namely, a matchstick.

It went this way on Haircut Charley's inspection days. At the preparatory command, platoons of bronzed Marines would quake. Hands would snap up — One — and — down — Two. The movement would be forehead high. Hands went up empty, came down with barracks caps. Then the inspection party would proceed solemnly along the front rank.

Traces of anxiety could be detected in the perspiration on each forehead. It would always be a complete surprise, with the inspection party approaching from the rear. Not until the "Uncovaaah" was roared out would anyone have an inkling of what was up.

Up to that moment the usual worry about trouser creases, shoeshines, blanched web gear and clean rifles was more or less preoccupying the sun-beaten troops. Now the question would suddenly be:

Is the hair short enough?

Along came Haircut Charley to find out. He walked with the military precision required of a military inspection. Before each suspicious-looking uncovered head he would stop and give the matchstick treatment, applying his tiny two-inch yardstick to any doubtful strand of hair. The book said the hair should be kept trimmed "not to exceed two inches in length." To a Marine officer who lived by the book, this did not mean two and a quarter inches. Gen. Lyman was that sort of Marine officer.

Lyman Field at Quantico was named after the general. He is famous in the Corps, but not so much for his prowess as for his inspections. His sobriquet, "Haircut Charley," has put him down in Marine Corps history. It will live in the memory of Marines for many years after the Old Corps has passed into the oblivion of time.

SGT. HARRY POLEYE
Leatherneck Staff Writer



Billy Calvert, Morris Steph and Miron Johnson, all Texans, are sworn in by WR Captain Barbra Wilson who has enlisted over 50 male Marines.

WE-THE MARINES

by Arthur Mielke

Enterprising Smith

Paul C. Smith, ex-Navy lieutenant commander, ex-Marine lieutenant and finally, ex-Navy commander, is making things hum in West Coast newspaper circles.

When he left the Navy and resumed his position as managing editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* he immediately lured Joe Rosenthal, the photographer who shot the flag raising on Suribachi, from the Associated Press. Later, he went over to the rival paper, the *Examiner*, and snared several top writers from that Hearst sheet. Now other west coast newspapers are in a dither trying to figure out the red-haired editor's next step.

Smith was the Navy man who resigned his commission to enlist in the Marines as a private. Following boot training at San Diego, he was sent to OCS and eventually was made a lieutenant. In that capacity he took part in the Bougainville and Guam campaigns. Later, he resigned his Marine commission to be re-commissioned in the Navy, this time as a full commander.

Piece de Resistance

It was an impressive sight—the parade of the soldiers on Army Day in Washington. Long lines of overseas veterans from the 82nd Airborne Division, in full combat garb, marched rhythmically down the Capital's Constitution Avenue. They were followed by tanks, halftracks, gun carriers and other sober vehicles of war. Suddenly there was a shout. Bringing up the rear, and considerably brightening up the dull-grey of the caravan was a gaudy, yellow-and-red jeep. In it were four stiff-necked Marines in dress blues, looking sternly ahead. On the front of the resplendent vehicle was a large placard.

The placard said: "Join the Marines — NOW."

Hollywood Promotion

Robert Ryan, who rose to private first class, during two years in the Marine Corps, plays the role of a Coast Guard lieutenant in RKO's "Desirable Woman," his first picture since returning to civilian life.

When several of Ryan's buddies at Camp Pendleton heard this news they were prompted to send the former Marine this wire: "Glad to hear you made lieutenant. Congratulations and best wishes. P.S. — Promotions still slow here."

Marines Honored

Two more U.S. destroyers have been named for Marines who lost their lives in World War II and subsequently were awarded Medals of Honor. They are the *USS Witek*, a 2200-tonner, named for Private First Class Frank P. Witek, 23, of Chicago, Ill.; and the *USS Timmerman*, named for Sergeant Grant F. Timmerman, of Emporia, Kans. Witek was killed

August 3, 1944, during the battle of Guam, after he had accounted for eight Japanese while protecting his rifle platoon, and had destroyed an enemy machine gun emplacement that had pinned down several of his buddies. Timmerman, a tank commander serving with the Sixth Marines on Saipan, advanced his tank into a series of enemy trenches and pillboxes. During the action a Jap hurled a hand grenade that was about to fall into the tank's open turret hatch. Timmerman caught it and clutched it to his breast as it went off, saving the members of his tank crew while losing his own life.

New Fighting Role

Dick Prussin, who did most of his prepping against the Japs as a member of the Fourth Marine Division's artillery at Saipan-Tinian and Iwo Jima, recently

gained the finals in the Eastern intercollegiate boxing tournament held at West Point. Representing Syracuse, Prussin fought as a 155-pounder. The ex-Marine, with no previous boxing experience, got all the way to the finals before being outpointed by West Point's Cadet Dick Jordan. Prussin later was elected captain of the Syracuse boxing team.

Roy Simmons, coach of the Syracuse squad, is another ex-Marine, a veteran of both World Wars. Simmons was a member of the Corps during World War I but switched to the Navy during the latest scrap.

To the Missing

Sorrow of a girl for her Marine brother, listed as missing in action, inspired Marion E. Hickey of Somerville, Mass., to write these lines:

*I know not where you are
Yet your presence is ever near;
I know not if you live
Yet you live in memory here.*

*I know not of your hardships
"Over there" as a fighting Marine,
I know not if you're one
Who made the sacrifice supreme.*

*I only know you went away
And I'm always reminiscing,
I miss you more than ever
Since you've been listed "Missing."*

Miss Hickey's brother, Jim, was declared missing on June 11, 1945.



Dick Prussin with his Syracuse boxing coach, Roy Simmons, ready for a sparring session

Mountain Retreat

For the past eight years — since the beginning of the "China Incident" — a favorite spot for well-to-do Japanese to "get away from it all" was the snug, swank Aso Kanko Hotel. Nestled high in the mountains 30 miles from the once thriving city of Kumamoto on the island of Kyushu, this picturesque haven affords the pleasures of resting, hiking or riding through some of southern Japan's most beautiful scenery, or taking it easy amid the lush surroundings of a thoroughly modern, fully-equipped hotel.

Since early last November, however, Nakamura-San and his friends have had to look elsewhere for their fun. The entire layout and facilities of the Aso Kanko Hotel were used as a rest and recreation spot for members of the Eighth Marine Regiment stationed at nearby Yonogako just outside Kumamoto.

Selection of the hotel facilities for the Marine units was made after a reconnaissance tour through Aso National Park by a party under Lieutenant Colonel H. R. Nusbaum, Commanding the 2nd Battalion,

Eighth Marines. On November 5, the first detail of about 50 officers and men "checked in" for a taste of life at a real, plushy mountain resort.

The Swiss Chalet type hotel, clinging to the side of the mountain for which it was named, commands a magnificent view of the valley 2500 feet below and of numerous volcanic peaks near-by. One of these, Aso-San, is an active volcano belching forth great clouds of steam and dust. Lying within good hiking distance of the hotel, it is a favorite spot for sight-seers. The natural hot sulphur water, used for the health baths at the hotel, comes from this volcano.

Fifty guest rooms, each with bath, a huge dining room, bar, writing room, hot sulphur baths and numerous lounges make up the principal facilities of this snuggerly. Contrasting with the rustic exterior, the interior decorations are pseudo-modern. Eight years of operation under Japan's war economy, with an obvious minimum of care and maintenance, have left the rooms and furnishings a bit threadbare and shabby, but it is still a smart, handsome place.

There was very little "GI" atmosphere at the hotel. Chow was "food" up there and it was good. Prepared by a Japanese under the watchful eye and direction of Field Cook F. X. Keaveney, it was served by gay-kimonoeed Japanese girls on gleaming white tablecloths, relics of bygone days. The beer canteen generally was in full swing during evening hours. With the scarcity of coal and the fact that a good many radiators were removed during the war to feed Japan's hungry war machine, there was the problem of keeping the hotel warm during the winter months when bitter cold winds and snow and ice convert this area into a first-class winter wonderland. The snow makes good winter sports, and the enterprising Marines were able to get in plenty of skiing and tobogganing.

Mr. Araki — "Frank" to the Marines — was the manager of the hotel and looked after the needs of his guests in good style. Thirty-three years of living in El Monte, Calif., just outside Los Angeles, taught him a good bit about the tastes and likes of Americans, and he did his utmost to satisfy them. He was hired in 1937 as assistant manager when the Aso Hotel was built, but left soon after. He returned as manager in 1942 when it was taken over by the Kyushu Industrial and Transportation Company, the present owners. On duty as major domo for the Marines was Sergeant Robert S. Reiner, who devoted himself to making sure that his "guests" enjoyed themselves to the fullest.

Turnover at Aso Kanko was rapid. Every two days

a new contingent of some 60 Marines would arrive for "forty-eights." Trains brought them from Kumamoto to the foot of the mountain, where a shuttle bus took them the remaining five miles up to their destination. Just about everyone in the Eighth Marines who was on the ball at all had several trips to this Aso Kanko.

Deep Six

One of the ultimates in reconversion was reached, we think, when the army's Chemical Warfare unit stationed on Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands was able to change the dread, flesh-searing, death-dealing flame thrower liquid, Napalm, into a mild and completely harmless liquid soap. Science is really clicking in the Pacific. Now all it has to find is some way to make corn willie, etc., adaptable for eating, or find some other use for the favorite overseas GI can deposit.

Marines stationed in the Pacific will have an opportunity to view America's speediest fighter plane this summer. Slated for duty with occupation units in Japan and China are some 150 Lockheed P-80 "Shooting Stars," replicas of the plane which early this year set a new West-East speed record of four hours, 13 minutes and 23 seconds. The planes, jet-propelled, will be manned by Army Air Force pilots. A like number of the lightning-fast fighters will go to European units.

Air Transport Command planes flew the equivalent of a thousand round trips to the moon during 1945, according to the War Department. While piling up this estimated 498,903,695 miles, ATC aircraft carried 4,386,704 passengers and a total of 1,602,750 tons of cargo.

There was a time when a boot or recent boot saluted everyone and anyone on sight. Things are different now. Or at least the shoe is on the other foot. A shipload of replacements, some only a month out of boot camp, arrived at the Jap naval base of Sasebo and were agreeably surprised to find Jap soldiers saluting THEM. Taken aback, the new Marines nevertheless returned the salutes. Now they're trying to learn the Japanese equivalent of "carry on."

It was a drastic step for him to take — the shearing of his handle bar mustache shortly after he landed in Japan late last year. But Marine Private First Class John L. Brown, 28 years old, of Escondido, Calif., elected to do it in the interest of his health. Brown came to his momentous decision only after he had wasted away to a mere 200 pounds. Apparently his mustache, the envy of his buddies, was intercepting too much of his meager rations.

If you aren't convinced that the service is the place to make money, take the case of the ex-Army private who sent the U. S. Treasury a check for \$20,000 for his earnings during his last year in service — 1945. This private, who earned \$50 a month just like any other GI seventh pay grader, "augmented" his salary by some judicious crapshooting. He piled up \$53,000.

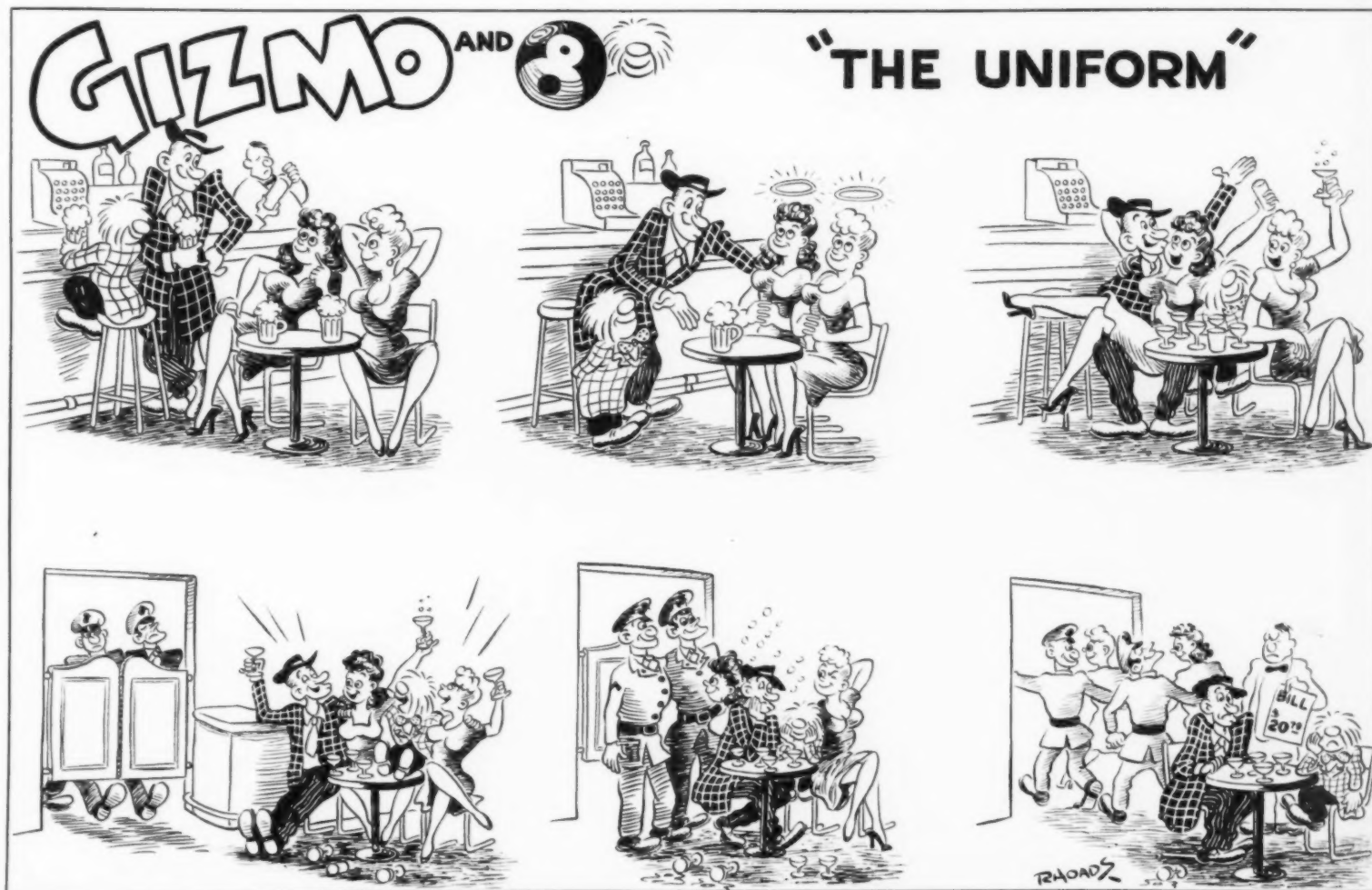
Private Louis K. Relyea, 23-year-old Texas Marine, was this year's winner of the Brigadier General Calvin S. Matthews trophy for boot camp marksmanship. In winning, Relyea made the highest score compiled by a boot since 1942. He fired 333 out of a possible 350 on the San Diego range. Relyea's score topped some 57,000 other recruits who shot for record during the 1945 target year.

More than 500,000 Army enlisted men became officers during World War II, the War Department has disclosed. Of the total of 872,000 male commissioned officers who were in the Army from December 7, 1941, to September 2, 1945, 72,000 were medical officers or chaplains. Some 537,000, or 66.37 per cent of the remaining 800,000, were commissioned from the ranks.

Former Marine Colonel Evans F. Carlson, hero of Makin and other Pacific raids and battles, may try his hand in politics this fall. Reports have the popular Marine officer as the Democratic candidate for the office of Senator from California.

Ex-Marine Frances Jackson of South Pittsburg, Tenn., one of the 15 original members of the WRs, is among the first women to be placed in charge of a Veterans Administration guidance center. She has taken over the center established at Catholic University in Washington, D. C. In her new capacity, Miss Jackson interviews and then tests for interests and aptitudes any veteran, either man or woman, who is eligible for further education or for vocational training.

(Continued on page 50)



FOREST FIRE DEPARTMENT

When a four-alarm rang on the range, Quantico fire trucks battled the blaze to a standstill



Fighting fires, like fighting Nips, takes teamwork

WE HAD just gotten through looking over the post fire department of Quantico's Marine barracks and were about to compliment Gunnery Sergeant Ernest Perkins, who is in charge there, when he beat us to the draw.

"We've still got another one," he said, leaning on the fender of a truck. "Make some good pictures out there."

Quantico's second fire department is in the Guadalcanal training area, a 60,000-acre tract that makes up the bulk of the reservation.

"Want to go out?"

We did.

"Won't be any fires, probably, but you can get up on a tower and take a look."

Five minutes after we arrived at the Guadalcanal firehouse the alarm sounded. A man on watch atop one of the three lookout towers had spotted a column of smoke about seven miles distant. He phoned the firehouse and gave the

azimuth reading. The intersection of the azimuths obtained from the other towers pin-pointed the blaze, and Lieutenant Ernest Skelt, CO of the detachment, dispatched the trucks.

Pounding along over the area's hilly roads, the Marines got to their objective in about 20 minutes. The fire was on the antitank range. A 75-mm. high explosive shell had bounced off a target and set fire to the grass.

The principal difference in fighting a building fire and a forest fire is the lack of a water hydrant in the latter case. In the forest, streams and lakes have to be tapped in order to obtain an adequate supply. Sometimes that is impossible. So the Guadalcanal area department brings along water trucks. The Marine fire fighters fill portable, five-gallon back tanks from the trucks and, in roles opposite to that of the flame thrower, go out to stop the flames.

PFC HERBERT MELLER,
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Three of these 125-foot "crow's-nests" guard the area. Each has 40-mile vision



Fires are pin-pointed by bearings taken from towers, just like artillery spotting



In the field, water is a big problem. So men carry back tanks, filled at trucks



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your best without one, can
you?"



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WE THE MARINES (continued from page 47)

Postwar Navy

The emphasis on the aircraft carrier as opposed to the battleship is shown in the Navy's plan for the postwar fleets. Only two battlewagons, the *Iowa* and the *New Jersey*, will remain on the active list in the Pacific Fleet, under present plans. This fleet will have nine carriers — the *Princeton*, *Coral Sea*, *Antietam*, *Kearsage*, *Boxer*, *Oriskany*, *Tarawa*, *Valley Forge* and the *Hancock* — and nine escort carriers. The Pacific's ready reserve will have three wagons, the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts* and the *Alabama*, and only two big carriers, the *Lake Champlain* and the *Shangri-La*.

The Atlantic Fleet will have two battlewagons, the *Missouri* and the *Wisconsin*, and four carriers, the *F. D. Roosevelt*, *Midway*, *Leyte* and the *Philippine Sea*. The ready reserve will include the battleships *Washington*, *North Carolina* and *South Dakota*, and the carriers *Franklin*, *Saipan* and *Randolph*.

The carriers *Coral Sea* in the Pacific, and *Roosevelt* and *Midway* in the Atlantic, are the huge new 45,000-tonners.

The Pacific Fleet will have 20 cruisers, 81 destroyers and 39 submarines; the Atlantic, eight cruisers, 54 destroyers and 51 submarines. Both fleets will have numerous smaller warcraft.

From this it will be seen that only 10 battleships will be readily available in an emergency. Immediately prior to World War II, the U. S. Navy was spearheaded by 15 active wagons, eight of which were caught at Pearl Harbor.

Of the remaining twelve older BBs, four are slated for the atom bomb test, if it is held, at Bikini atoll. These are the *New York*, *Nevada*, *Arkansas* and the *Pennsylvania*. The *New Mexico*, *Idaho*, *Tennessee*, *California*, *Colorado*, *Maryland*, *West Virginia* and the *Mississippi* are slated for the inactive reserve. Ships in this category are dehumidified, sprayed, given other treatment and finally sealed, for long-term storage.

Ships in the ready reserve will retain 30 per cent of their personnel.

Thanks for the Tanks

An unconscious assist was rendered by the Japs to Marine Transport Squadron 952. When the Japan-based 952 received orders to return Stateside it was faced with the problem of how to get its cumbersome, limited-range Curtiss Commandos from Hawaii to our West Coast. The other hops could be made but the 2,200 mile overwater haul out of Honolulu was considerably longer than the flying range of the planes with their normal gasoline capacity. There were no available auxiliary tanks other than those in the Jap munitions dump near Yokosuka.

A hurried conference was held, with imminent departure for the States hanging in the balance, and the decision to renovate and alter the Jap tanks was reached. The grafting completed, the planes left on schedule. Stopovers were made at Marcus, Wake and Johnston Islands as well as Honolulu in the 9756-mile flight from Yokosuka to Cherry Point.

Marine Pacifier

Diplomats representing the United States in foreign countries these days could take a lesson from Marine Second Lieutenant William A. Craven of **Waco, Tex.**, who was with the 28th Marines in the initial occupation of northern Kyushu, Japan.

When units of the 28th were sent to Shimonoseki, on the southern tip of Honshu across from Kyushu, Craven was assigned the mission of taking a patrol to the village of Yamaguchi to investigate the trouble Japs had been having with Chinese prisoners of war released from the prison there. By order of Allied Headquarters in Tokyo, all prisoners of war were released by the Japanese as soon as the surrender pact was signed.

Craven's patrol was the first band of Marines to enter Yamaguchi, so most Japs kept behind locked doors, still skeptical about the occupation troops. The chief of police, a typical Jap with bifocal spectacles, met the Marine patrol and told Craven the Chinese had been terrorizing the community, stealing bicycles, molesting women, raiding shops, and kidnapping unarmed policemen. They had been enjoying freedom without any restrictions.

The Chinese ex-prisoners greeted the Marine patrol with "Our Liberators!" and "American comrades!"

Sizing up the situation Craven realized a riot could occur. He knew, too, that 20 Marines would be no match for over a thousand freedom-happy, rampaging Chinese. So he immediately called for the No. 1 man (leader) of the Chinese, and an interpreter. Shortly, the leader of the Chinese came forward, grinning and extending his hand in friendship. He carried a rifle in the other hand.

Through the interpreter Craven told the Chinese leader that

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Representatives wanted

he wanted: first, a large platform set up in the middle of the street; second, a Chinese and Japanese interpreter; and third, all the liberated Chinese brought before him.

In practically no time his orders were fulfilled. Milling Chinese gathered in front of the platform, while the Japs stood nervously behind.

The speech the lieutenant made was probably one of the best extemporaneous efforts ever put forth under such conditions. As he spoke, the interpreters translated his words into Chinese and Japanese.

First he told the Chinese that the American Marines had come to see that all Chinese had been released from prison. The Chinese cheered. He said that the Americans and Chinese had fought together against the Japanese — and won. The Chinese cheered louder.

And (he went on) as allies, the Americans and Chinese fought in the same manner. He told them how the American people thought so much of the Chinese, how they had worked to make war munitions, how they had fought throughout the islands of the Pacific to defeat the Japs. He paused as the Chinese cheered still louder, and threw their hats into the air.

The Japs remained silent.

But, Craven said, because the Americans and Chinese were as brothers, the actions of one group reflected upon the other. When one did well, the effect on the other was good. But when one group did something wrong, both groups suffered. Looting, kidnapping and terrorizing were not in conformance with allied policy. The cheering stopped.

Now (explained the lieutenant), he wanted all articles the Chinese had stolen brought back, and the kidnaped policemen released. He demanded this as their ally and fellow-liberator. The Chinese stared quietly at each other.

The Japanese moved back cautiously.

The leader of the Chinese called out a few words, and the large group dispersed rapidly in different directions. Within 15 minutes a large pile of rifles with ammunition, another stack of loot, and two Jap policemen, were deposited in front of the platform. The pair of coppers were trembling, but unhurt.

Briny Binoculars

One of the factors that contributed to the phenomenal success of our submarine warfare was a new type of binocular developed by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company. This binocular, top secret during the war, enabled American sub commanders to see enemy vessels in the visibility-limiting conditions of rain, or in starlight, and to fire torpedoes with the deadly accuracy of day-light sighting.

When an American sub commander sighted an enemy vessel, the binocular, in a special mount on the superstructure, was adjusted so that its cross hairs were centered on the ship. This setting registered on a computing machine below deck. When released, the torpedo's gyroscopic steering device, set according to the computation, would then steer the fish to its mark with almost fantastic accuracy.

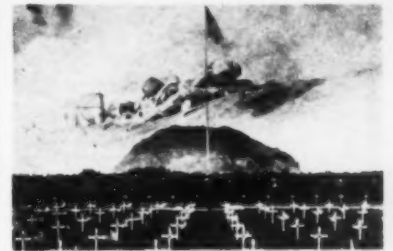
The binocular was used also to aim deck guns aboard the under-water craft. This later development came about when it was discovered that submarine officers, using ordinary hand-held binoculars, could see the targets more readily than gunners using telescopic sights.

TURN PAGE



Marine Corps, Navy, Army, Coast Guard

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WE THE MARINES (continued)

Balloon Bust

Although the free balloons sent out by the Japanese never constituted a serious menace to America, a total of 191 paper and three rubberized-silk bomb-carrying, lighter-than-air bags were recovered in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Mexico and the Pacific Ocean area during the period from November, 1944, to February, 1946. In addition, there were 89 recoveries of small fragments of papers or other balloon parts.

According to the Japanese, some 9000 of the balloons were manufactured and released. The paper ones were 33 feet in diameter; those made of silk were smaller. All were hand-made at a cost of about \$2300 each. Launchings were made from Honshu in the early mornings or early evenings when surface winds were low. The Japanese estimated that 10 per cent would reach the United States.

Despite the much smaller number recovered here than the Jap estimates, American intelligence officers admit that hundreds of others could have arrived over America. Many could have been wafted into regions in the far northwest where man never travels. Others could easily have been detonated before they actually landed.

Damage caused by the bombs carried by these balloons was negligible. Six persons were killed in Oregon as the result of uncautious handling of an anti-personnel bomb, which drifted lazily to earth and did not immediately go off. Incendiary bombs, carried by some of the balloons, caused a number of small fires.

Publicity Unconscious

When two Marines, Correspondent Paul Sturges and Photographer Dick Bushe, arrived in Mukden, Manchuria, to get a story, they sought to register in the Russian-operated Intourist Hotel.

They signed their names, and added "U. S. Marine Corps."

The Russian clerk, standing behind the desk, signified his comprehension to the signature, but shook his head over the Marine Corps stuff.

He beckoned to his Japanese assistant. After several seconds' study, the assistant scratched his head. He didn't know what the words meant, either.

Finally, the assistant manager came over. Here was the last recourse. But here again the Marines noted no spark of recognition.

After watching the baffled gesticulations and listening to the gibberish for several minutes, Sturges decided to try a new tack. He explained in English what it meant. No dice. Bushe tried the same thing. No dice again.

At last, in exasperation, Sturges pointed to his cap emblem and fairly shouted:

"Marine, Marine—see, Marine. Ah, hell, don't you even know who won this war?"

The management shrugged, collectively.



Vol. IV No. 31

Dated, Thursday, April 11, 1946

Reg. No. 13073

IKE, THEATER CHIEFS BID FAREWELL

GENERAL OF THE ARMY
Dwight D. Eisenhower
Chief of Staff, U. S. Army

GEN. JOSEPH W. Stilwell
Commander, Sixth Army
To the Editor, Roundup.

MAJ. GEN. VERNON EVANS
Commander, I-B Theater

When the China-Burma-India Theatre Army paper Roundup put out its last edition, it used this novel way of informing its readers

Language Sage

Difficulty in making themselves understood was one of the main topics of conversation of Marines after the peace treaty was signed and it was learned they would occupy Japan. In the long trek from Guadal' to Okinawa, Marines had picked up a few useful phonetic phrases which they would yell into caves and pillboxes, such as: "Tay wo agaytay, daytay koy." This was supposed to convey to the Japanese that they were to come out with their hands up.

During one such discussion aboard a ship headed Nipponwards, a learned Marine insisted that there is a difference in dialect between northern and southern Japan. A couple of other

Rou

This is
It's a
get in the
un-military
been trend!
General
your paper
was three and
then.

You, our
has been out
Roundup, was
reg from it
has accompi.

But what
question that
chagrage the
post-war war
to-day probi

What ha
our country?
towing the r
sports, drama,
drama, etc. is
in the future!



Orphaned by the war, these Japanese tots showed no emotion when Private Lou Miller of Brooklyn visited their Angel Guardian Home

Marines contributed their bit. The conversation went on for some time and got loud.

Finally, an old gunny sarge, who was trying to get some shut-eye on the deck close by, growled:

"All right, all right. Up north you tell them: 'Tay wo agaytay daytay koy, youse guys.' Down south you tell 'em: 'Tay wo agaytay daytay koy, yew-all.' Now, will ya shut up?"

Evacuation of Babelthuap

When the Marines finally did come it couldn't have been worse for the Japs on Babelthuap, in the Palau islands. For years the more than 18,000 fierce, well-trained Nips had waited. The Americans moved on across the Pacific, struck Peleliu and the Philippines in bloody battles, and still the men on Babelthuap waited for their turn at glory-making.

It never came. The war ended. The Emperor commanded them to lay down their arms. They did, and waited. A few weeks ago the Marines came up in transports and took them off. Once strong and ready, they were now emaciated, haggard and ragged. Many suffered from malnutrition and dysentery and received treatment from a people who a few months ago would have killed them.

As they filed past Marine guards down to the beaches, they presented a sorrowful sight. They knew that. They knew the people at home would not be preparing a wild and willing welcome, the welcome they had so often dreamed they would receive as victors. But if they felt very badly they never showed it. Their faces remained blank as they got on the transports.

Victory Medal

Orders for the World War II Victory Medals have been placed, but it is unlikely that any will be ready for distribution before the end of this year.

The new medal is made of bronze and is 36 millimeters in diameter. On the front is a figure of Liberation, standing full length, with her right foot resting on a war-god's helmet. The inscription "World War II" appears horizontally across this side, just below the center.

The reverse is taken up with inscriptions "Freedom from Fear and Want" and "Freedom of Speech and Religion," within a circle composed of the words, "United States of America — 1941-1945."

Methods of distribution of the medal have not been worked out. When they are received at Headquarters, notices will be issued. Other medals, including those for the campaigns, probably will be issued at the same time. Medals for every ribbon issued during the war will eventually be available.

New Strength

Raising of the strength of the Marine Corps from 46,000 to a peacetime 100,000 enlisted men and 7000 officers has been authorized in a law recently enacted by Congress and signed by the President. The size of the Navy proper is increased from 232,000 to 500,000 enlisted under the same bill.

The law also specifically provides that reserve officers will be subject to promotions, assignments and postgraduate or technical training on the same basis as are regular commissioned officers.

END

tastes Wonderful

Delighted Chelsea smokers find No. 20... the last cigarette in the pack... tastes just as rich, just as smooth, just as mild as the first Chelsea. Smoke this outstanding quality cigarette. Smoke it critically. Compare it with any brand. See if you don't agree that from No. 1 to No. 20, Chelsea tastes wonderful!



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Tobacco Reason

HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

WOLVES' GALLERY



The Soulmate Type. His "made-for-each-other" routine is worn thinner than an AOL alibi. But that good, ol' smile — brother, that dazzler gathers wrens like a bargain sale. Rarely are such sunburst grins owned by guys who ignore "pink tooth brush." So if your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. Today's soft foods may be robbing your gums of exercise, and he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



The Shrinking Violet Type. He's shy all right... but not on brains. This operator just sits and smiles the chicks into his corner. And that bee-yootiful smile shows the kid's wise to Ipana. He knows Ipana's specially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Massage a little extra on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums...which usually mean sounder, brighter teeth. Try Ipana.



Start today
with - **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

TOUCH and GO



A SOFT touch is born, not made. Sometimes you will meet a soft touch so pathetically eager to whip out his wallet and lend you something that it is almost a shame to take the money. The enterprise lacks the verve, the sense of something attempted, something done. What a different feeling there is in making a well-planned and well-executed landing on the wad of some salty, sophisticated fellow who would perhaps rather keep his money than lend it to you.

A tough touch is made, not born. A period of four years in the Marine Corps has given PFC Martin S. Sedgwick of Marine Air Group 35, a favorable (or, let's say, a vulnerable) opportunity to learn about the art that goes into the making of a tough touch. He has got to the point where he can tell about his observations and conclusions calmly, and sort the borrowers he has known into five types. They are the Bleeding Heart, the Buddy-Buddy, the Promoter, the Sportsman, and the Little Stranger.

Private Bleeding Heart has eyes that brim with tears, and a look of being brave in the face of unbearable woe. Having pinpointed the location of moneyed Master Technical Sergeant Target, he approaches, clutching a well-thumbed and completely phony telegram. With simple sadness, he reveals to his prospective benefactor the contents of the telegram:

- 1 — His wife has run off with a swabbie.
- 2 — The bank has foreclosed the mortgage on the old family plantation.
- 3 — His nine children have been placed in the county hospital with bubonic plague.
- 4 — His sister Agatha, overcome with the horror of it all, has shot herself, after drowning the cat so the poor brute would not starve.

Private Bleeding Heart is thankful that there still are a few of nature's noblemen around. He refers, of course, to his commanding officer, a true gentleman who, with the cooperation of the heaven-sent Red Cross, has arranged for a furlough. But (here it comes) the good old Red Cross has failed to consider some things it didn't know. Private Bleeding Heart is short of funds.

Here MTSgt. Target can stand no more. With a sob he tears out his wallet and fingers a thick stack of currency.

Private Bleeding Heart shows true artistry. His tears fall at the thought of this great, kind man's generosity. But can he accept? Ah, no. He looks pitifully up at the blessed sergeant. He says:

"I might not be able to pay it all back right away."

The sergeant snorts, roughly attempting to cover up the emotion which seizes him at the simple honesty of this unfortunate private. Waving the thought of payment aside, he thrusts all the money forward.

Bleeding Heart forces himself to stretch out his reluctant hand, into which Sgt. Target piles six \$20 bills, four fives, a couple of ones and \$3.73 in change.

That's all, brother.

CORPORAL Buddy-Buddy has a different, more simple operational procedure. Choosing someone who knows him well and with whom he has enjoyed a couple of memorable liberties, he approaches directly.

With all the artlessness of a true pal, he asks "Good ol' Jonesy, ol' pal" to let him use part of the fund he knows Jonesy has.

TOUCH AND GO (continued)

Jonesy knows what is going on, but what can he do? With all the hearty good will he can muster, he will stand and deliver the goods in good, sound currency.

THE Promoter is a cool, rather aloof fellow, well aware of the distinction he confers upon those whose money he consents to borrow. His approach is dignified and disarmingly direct; he is sure of his financial probity and does not doubt that the man he has chosen for his temporary creditor realizes this.

Quickly and confidentially he outlines his status, and contrives in the telling to admit his hearer into the realm of Big Time Operators. He is having difficulties with the Building and Loan Association, and some advice he received from the Junior Chamber of Commerce has proved a bit sour.

His attorneys have mishandled his commercial account in a perfectly ghastly way, thus tying up his ready cash. He can get along with just a few hundred, say \$400 or \$500, until those tiresome attorneys get his affairs straightened out. . . .

It is surprising how often the Promoter takes home the bacon.

THE Sportsman is quite a lad. For him, there is no sham, no long story, no subtle approach. No sir, he has scheduled a big time for himself (wink-wink) and a pretty old girl who isn't going to stay home and listen to the radio. The Sportsman enjoys good living, and hang the expense. He has hearty tales of big winnings at cards, major killings with dice, wonderful girls he has known well, but he tells them for the laughs he gets out of them, and not just as a build-up. The question in his mind is: can he borrow \$10, or \$20?

The funny thing is that he usually can, and though he pockets it with a good-humored "Maybe I'll give this back some day; who knows?" he sometimes does indeed pay up.

IT IS the Little Stranger who appeals to the Big Brother instinct in us. One day he just quietly turns up. He's there, but he makes no noise as he trudges to his sack, to his locker, to his work. He gets to know a fellow here, a fellow there. And days pass before he reaches the point where he must confide in someone.

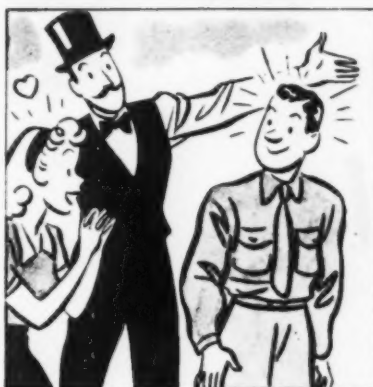
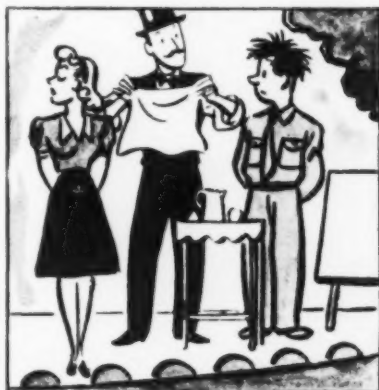
He isn't complaining; he's just sort of thinking out loud. He doesn't know what he's gonna do; they haven't paid him since way long ago and they won't let him draw any money for gosh another three weeks and golly he needs cigarets and tooth paste, and darn it he oughta have a new towel, but what can he do? He's really just a stranger here himself. . . .

Everybody has met the Little Stranger somewhere and in some form. But he still keeps marching on — and collecting from larger, stronger Marines who are really kind Big Brothers at heart. Little Strangers come and they go, but the paydays they mumble about never seem to turn up.

These are the borrowers, and, as Gelett Burgess said about the purple cow, we'd rather see than be one. **END**



Pfc. Casanova-



ONE OF THE most popular kinds of people with women are men. Of these the most popular are men with handsome hair. Be one of these with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

As follows: 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your dry, tight scalp. This routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair...and makes your hair look more alive, vital.

So okay: Now take 10 seconds to comb. Your hair's set to stay in place... and look wonderful there! So try Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"! Get a bottle of Vitalis at your PX!



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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

"Advance, Mahoney... I'd know those DYANSHINE'd shoes anyplace!"



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ALWAYS LOOK BETTER
LONGER WITH

DYANSHINE

Liquid Shoe Polish

Liquid Dyanshine gives quick, easy, long-lasting shines... helps keep shoes soft and comfortable. And when it comes to coloring scuffs and scratches, Dyanshine does an outstanding job.

A scarcity of imported ingredients that give Dyanshine its extra quality means that the supply is limited... so you'll want to follow the directions on the bottle, which make it go farther.



IT'S TOPS AMONG PASTE SHOE POLISHES!



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a Paste Polish...

Ask for Dyanshine Paste Shoe Polish, made by the makers of famous Liquid Dyanshine. Available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood and Black in convenient 4-oz. jars or new easy-to-open can.

SOUND OFF

(continued from page 3)
men whose fathers were in the Corps. If this does not supply the required 30 officers, the remainder of the class is divided into three sections, according to scholastic standing. An equal number of men are then selected from each section to make up the Marine Corps' quota. — Eds.

GOOD CONDUCT MEDALS

Sirs:
Is a Marine entitled to a Good Conduct Medal if he has one deck court-martial against him?
Sgt. V. R. Piechowiak
Fort Worth, Tex.

• Good conduct medals are now awarded for any three years of continuous active service of enlisted personnel, regular or reserve, regardless of expiration or extension of enlistments, and any previous or subsequent disciplinary action. Conduct requirements are: no convictions by court martial or deck court and not more than two CO's punishments, exclusive of excuse accepted. Markings in the Service Record Book must not be considered too low for the award.

Example: A man enlisted on 22 February, 1943. Normally he would be eligible for the award on 21 February, 1946. However, he received a deck court on 1 April, 1944. Therefore the new three-year period would begin on 2 April, 1944, and, provided there were no more offenses, he would then be eligible for the award on 1 April, 1947. — Eds.

STILL GOOD SHOOTING

Sirs:
I have just finished reading your article, "Background to Beat the Banzai." There is one error which I believe should be rectified. When Tom Jones made his 300-yard record of 132 consecutive bulls-eyes, the "bull" was only 8-inches in diameter. The size of this target was not increased until 1925 or 1928, I do not remember the exact year.

It is a good article and I know most of the men mentioned.
Henry J. Adams, Jr.
San Diego County, Calif.

• We have no doubt that Master Gunnery Sergeant Jones would have been equally as good on either target. We are personally acquainted with his prowess as a rifleman — and a musician. Maybe Jones can put the records straight for us. How about it, Tom?

The Marine Corps changed from the eight-

inch bulls-eye and adopted the ten-inch size in 1921.

Marine Corps order No. 8, which made "Rifle Marksmanship" the guide for small arms firing, superseding "Small Arms Firing Manual," was issued under the date of March 19, 1921, and became effective on June 1, 1921.

Paragraph 109 of the new order was the authority for the change. — Eds.

INFANTRY BOOSTER

Sirs:
I have just finished reading the February issue of *Leatherneck* and think it is tops. Especially the Sound Off column. As an ex-Marine there are a few comments I would like to make. I hope you can print them.

What is the Marine Corps coming to? Why should cooks (belly-robbers) in the Air Wings get flight pay? The men in the Air Corps are collecting three times the pay they deserve, or earn. The ones who should have the increase in pay are the infantrymen.

The Air Wings get the pay, the seagoing bellhops get the battle stars and the infantry gets the job done. A task they have always performed in an excellent manner — enabling the Corps to retain the title of the "Fighting Marines."

You will find many men who think the Marine Corps an ideal place to be. I am glad my points were sufficient for a discharge.

Leo E. Cypher
An ex-Marine PFC
Pittsburgh 4, Pa.

LOST PICTURES

Sirs:
In the January issue of *Leatherneck* I noticed an article in "Sound Off" about a lucky soul recovering some pictures through this column. Wonder if I, too, might be that lucky?

About this time last year, I took what I am sure were some swell shots along the Kokumbona River. Later, I lost the roll of film somewhere in the Twenty-second Marine area on Guadalcanal.

If someone found this roll of film and had it developed, I sure would appreciate a couple of complete sets of the prints. Naturally I am more than willing to pay for them.

PFC C. A. Schuchmann
C Co., Sixth Pioneer Bn.
Sixth Marine Division
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

UNNOTICED MARINES

Dear Sirs:
Why is it that most of the news reporters, and anyone else who speaks over the radio, always say the Army did this and the Navy that? Would it break their hearts to mention the Marines once in a while?

In the recent Army Day speeches the speakers told what the Army did in Europe and what the Navy accomplished in the Pacific. Weren't the Marines around some place while all of this was going on?

There are a lot of us who are asking the same question.

Mrs. V. L.
Hanover, Pa.

• The exploits of Marines speak for themselves. — Eds.

A FEW ARE LEFT

Sirs:
Here at the Transient Center—where East meets West—I've been awaiting my return Stateside. The biggest topic of conversation throughout the area by the "gum-chippers" is: Why don't they let me go home? ?? I've got my thirty or forty points!!

May I present a Regular's side of the picture? (And there are



some of us left in the Corps). To these "Lost Angels" I offer this cartoon....

(Signed) 105 Points
Marianas Islands

IWO JIMA CASUALTIES

Sirs:
Some of my buddies and I are in a little argument about the Marine-Japanese casualties on Iwo Jima. Could you settle this for us through Sound Off?

William Wilson

China

● Latest casualties for Marine Corps during Iwo Jima campaign are 4275 killed, 19,540 wounded, 12 missing. Japanese casualties, 21,000.—Eds.

WR FRUIT SALAD

Sirs:
In the article, "So Long Sweet Sergeant," (*Leatherneck*, April) Sergeant Ruth Gale is photographed wearing service ribbons. However, your article made no mention of overseas service on the part of Sgt. Gale.

It is of interest to me, and will no doubt be so to all ex-WRs, to know what these ribbons represent and how they are merited.

Irene Gray

Detroit, Mich.

● Sgt. Gale is wearing the American Campaign and Victory Ribbons. The American Campaign Ribbon was awarded for one year of active service in the continental limits of the United States and the Victory Ribbon is awarded to all members of the armed forces on active duty any time between 7 December 1941 and a date to be announced in the future. Eligibility to earn the American Campaign Ribbon was terminated on 2 March 1946.—Eds.

CREDIT SECOND DIVISION

Sirs:
I have read *The Leatherneck* for a number of years. I have watched its development into the fine instructive, educational, and entertaining magazine that it is today.

The data on publication contained in *The Leatherneck* states, "The opinion of authors whose articles appear in *The Leatherneck* do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters." In spite of this quite legally correct viewpoint, the magazine has nevertheless through the years come to have

a quite official standing as far as the readers are concerned. This attitude on the part of the readers has been fostered by the condition that in articles appearing in *The Leatherneck* dealing with factual material the facts are not intentionally distorted.

Errors and omissions are to be expected of man. Others have the right to hope that such errors or omissions when brought to the attention of those who erred or omitted, will be corrected.

It is therefore with such hope in mind that I desire to refresh your memory regarding the fact that, unless scores of top ranking naval and military strategists, high government officials, newspapers and writers have foisted a canard on an unsuspecting public, there was a military engagement between Marines and our Nation's enemy in November, 1943, which had something to do with breaching the Japanese Central Pacific defenses. The name is Tarawa.

This name does not appear in the May, 1946, issue of *The Leatherneck*, pages 40 and 41, from which I quote:

"The invasion of Kwajalein and Eniwetok Atolls in the Marshall Islands in February, 1944, constituted the first breach in the Japanese Central Pacific defenses."

Further on from the same article, I quote, "In June and July, 1944, Marines of the Third and Fourth Divisions landed on Saipan, Tinian and Guam in the Marianas...." To whatever insignificant position in history may place the assist given by the Second Marine Division in the battles of Saipan and Tinian, I don't believe *The Leatherneck* should assist in causing the 7699 casualties suffered by the Second Marine Division to be completely forgotten.

A "Leatherneck Staff Writer" should do better, don't you think?

David M. Shoup

Colonel U. S. Marine Corps
Washington, D. C.

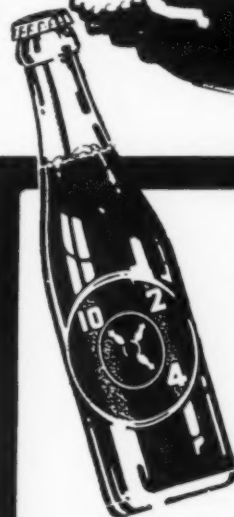
● On this, a letter from a former Second Division officer who won the Medal of Honor on the beaches of Tarawa, The Editors bow their heads in consternation. The pair of omissions do appear to be aimed directly against the Second Division. That in both errors the Second should be affected is diabolically coincidental. No distortion was intended, certainly. The *Leatherneck* has carried many a story on both Tarawa and the Second Division, and will carry many another. The purpose of running "Marine's World" at all was merely to demonstrate the world-wide scope of Marine Corps duty.—Eds.

PROPERLY LOCATED

Sirs:
In your Sound Off Column (March issue) you state that you are inclined to agree with Myers that Rev. George A. Creitz is a pastor in the Episcopal Church. You are wrong. He is, or was, pastor of the Evangelical and Reformed Church in Easton, Pa.

Walter J. Stuckey,
Father of two Marines
New Glarus, Wis.

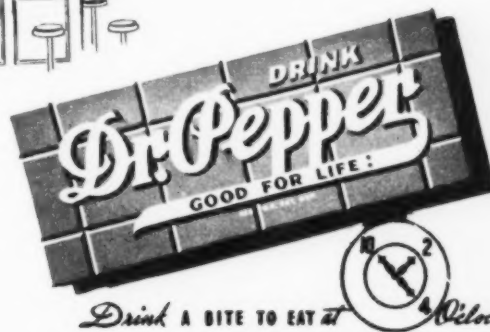
(continued on page 58)



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J. F. LEOPOLD, 2nd Lt. U.S.M.C.R.

Former Photographic Officer 2nd Marine Division

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- ☐ 2—Saipan Operation
- ☐ 3—Guadalcanal Operation
- ☐ 4—Gloucester Operation
- ☐ 5—Tarawa Operation
- ☐ 6—Tarawa Operation
- ☐ 7—Guam Operation
- ☐ 8—Kwajalein Operation
- ☐ 9—Eniwetok Operation
- ☐ 10—Tinian Operation
- ☐ 11—New Georgia Operation
- ☐ 12—Peleliu Operation
- ☐ 13—Peleliu Operation
- ☐ 14—Bougainville Operation
- ☐ 15—Iwo Jima Operation
- ☐ 16—Okinawa Operation
- ☐ 17—Okinawa Operation
- ☐ 18—Air Activities
- ☐ 19—Combat Engineers
- ☐ 20—Tanks in Action
- ☐ 21—Amtracs in Action
- ☐ 22—Marine Cameramen
- ☐ 23—Communications in Action
- ☐ 24—Women's Reserve Activities
- ☐ 25—Marines in Japan
- ☐ 26—Marines in China
- ☐ 27—Klamath Falls
- ☐ 28—Atomic Bomb Special Set
- ☐ 29—Japanese Surrender

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SOUND OFF (continued)

"BLOODY MINDANAO"

Sirs:

I have just read in the Sound Off column of *Leatherneck* that all Aircrewmembers will be awarded Air Medals and Distinguished Flying Crosses according to the number of strikes they flew. But that only those flown after 18 December, 1944, may be counted. Isn't that sort of a strange way of awarding Aircrewman Medals?

As an example, I would like to point out that in 1943-44 I flew 34 strikes over Bougainville and Rabaul — with antiaircraft fire over both and fighter interception over Rabaul. I then went Stateside for six months and returned to Mindanao, Philippine Islands, in 1945; just time enough to get in seven strikes before the war ended.

On those last strikes, we aircrewmembers went along just for the ride. There was no AA, no fighter interception, no nothing. And according to Navy Department Bulletin 44-1421, I rate only one Air Medal — for "bloody Mindanao"; tak, tak!

An SBD and SB2C Gunner
Tsingtao, China

GUM-BEAT FROM DAD

Sirs:

If a Marine Corps dad may beat his gums a little, I would like to make the following suggestion.

I would suggest that the Discharge emblem issued to discharged Marines be one of the regular Marine Corps insignias — as the proudest emblem of any branch in the United States. It is known all over the world and immediately identifies the wearer as having been connected with the Corps.

It carries a Semper Fidelis, which is a fourragere of honor has no equal.

A Marine Corps Dad
Charlottesville, Va.

WHO IS THE WAVE

Sirs:

For nearly three years I have been trying to get in touch with a young lady, a former acquaintance, without success. Ready to give up, I was greatly surprised to find a new clue . . . a photograph in the Pacific edition of *The Leatherneck*, January 1, 1946.

I am positive that the photograph of the Wave appearing at the top (middle) of page 34 in connection with the article "Meet Me At The Windsor," is the picture of this young lady. If so, her name is Marjorie Sohuck and she is formerly of Seattle, Wash.

If there is any way of verifying this fact, I will greatly appreciate anything you can do to help me contact her.

Sgt. Dale E. Burke
U.S. Army (19122928) ASN
28 Bomb Sq., 19th Bomb Gp.
APO 334
c/o PM San Francisco, Calif.

● We are sorry to say that the photographer did not record the names of the Waves pictured in story of "Meet Me At The Windsor."

Suggest you write Director Personnel (Waves), Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C., and inquire as to whether your friend was in the Waves. If so, they may be able to give you her address. — Eds.

MOTHER ASKS AID

Sirs:

I should like very much to get in contact with someone who knew my son, PFC Albert E. Smoaks, someone who might be able to tell me something concerning my boy while he was in the Marine Corps.

My son left Camp Bradford, Va., where he had been stationed about a year, in the summer of 1944. Overseas he was stationed on Guam until going to Iwo Jima.

It was on this island, on March 7, 1945, as a machine gunner of Co. E, 2nd Bn., Ninth Marine Regiment, Third Division, that he lost his life. I would like so much to hear from some of the boys who served with him during this time.

He is buried on Iwo Jima, and I understand there is, or was, a marker on his grave, not the usual military cross. I wonder if some friend, or friends, carved it for his grave.

Mrs. R. A. Smoak
Aberdeen, N. C.

● In recent weeks we have received so many letters from mothers and wives of Marines killed in action, seeking to contact someone who knew their sons and husbands, that we have been unable to carry but a very small percentage of them.

In the future we will continue to carry such letters as space permits, but suggest that anyone who has previously heard from their son, or husband's friends in the same outfit, please try to contact them again for more facts.

WERE YOU THERE?

Sirs:

Will you please ask any members of Co. I, 3rd Bn., Twenty-third Marines, who went ashore on Saipan in June, 1944, to please contact me.

Mrs. G. E. Gierhart
Penrose, Colo.

Will some Marine who knew my son PFC Nathan Pritchard, killed in action on Saipan, please write me. He was in the Twenty-ninth Marines.

Mrs. M. A. Pritchard
Box 137, Route 1
Mountainview, Okla.

I would like very much to contact someone who was with my son, Corporal William A. Eakens, Co. C, 1st Bn., Twenty-eighth Marines, Fifth Division. This was his second tour overseas and he was killed on Iwo Jima. During the early part of the war he was a Paratrooper in the Solomon Islands.

Mrs. John A. Eakens
Box 308
Las Cruces, New Mexico

Would any buddy of my late son, Corp. James D. Knowles, who fought on Peleliu with the Regimental Weapons Company, Fifth Marine Regiment, First Marine Division, write and give me the particulars surrounding his being wounded. He was transferred to the United States where he died on January 18, 1945.

A. H. Knowles
20 James Street
Lynn, Mass.

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SEE
BOOKSHOP
PAGE 69

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AN INFANTRY BOOSTER

Sirs:
Today as I was reading one of my favorite service magazines, *The Leatherneck*, I came across a statement that I did not like any too well. In March's issue—the story "Cradle of the Corps," a sentence appeared stating that a Marine, when he finished boot camp, is equal to a sergeant in any other service.

Now I agree with you, the Marines are good and deserve every credit due them. However, when you say any other service, I wish you would say "except the Infantry." We are pushed around and take an awful lot, but we are exceedingly proud of our branch of the service. Just as proud as you are of yours.

I was formerly with the 7th Infantry Division and have closely observed and operated with the Marines. I have a lot of admiration for them.

A high-ranking Marine officer once remarked that "the 7th are almost Marines, anyway." We were all very proud of this compliment coming from a Marine.

Thanks for listening to my gripe.

Army Lieutenant
Camp Pickett, Va.

DELAYED ACTION

Sirs:
Here's one for "Believe It Or Not:"

I was with Colonel Devereux at Wake Island, was taken prisoner and sent to Shanghai. While there, in June 1943, Pvt. G. L. Johnson brought three photographs to me which he had found in a book which had been sent into the camp from the town.

He asked if I recognized them, and if one of them was not of me. He commented, "You look very young in that photo. Where were they taken, and when?"

I told him that the pictures had been taken in June 1930 in Nicaragua. I was halfway round the world, and 13 years had elapsed, when these pictures again found their way into my possession at a prison camp in Shanghai.

Gy. Sgt. B. O. Ketner
Newport, N. C.

NO T.S. SLIP NEEDED

Sirs:
A few Regulars in the Seventh Marines would like to know how long we have to serve overseas before we get Stateside duty. Is there a required number of months that a Regular has to serve overseas? If so, would you please cut us in on the scoop? Or do we get a T.S. slip?

PFC M. H. Yourdon
H&S Co., Seventh Marines
First Marine Division

● If you read the *Dope Sheet* in *April Leatherneck*, you already have the answer to this question. If you didn't here it is again:

Regular officers and enlisted men, and reserve and temporary officers who desire transfer to commissioned status in the Regular Marine Corps, shall be considered eligible for return to the United States if, on any particular date, they shall have completed 36 months of duty overseas during their last 48 months of service. — Eds.

WHERE'S MY PIN?

Sirs:
In your April issue you said that every Marine was issued the "Ruptured Duck" and Marine Corps Discharge pin. I beg to differ with you.

I was discharged in October, 1945, and received neither. Being a great gumbearer I could not resist the urge in giving you the sad word. I have written to the Commandant since then but to date have received no answer.

As for the ruptured duck, I would just as soon not wear it, since it is so common. But the Marine Corps pin, I would take pride in wearing. (If I had one).

I am 20 years old and put three years in the Corps, but I look like a chicken of 17. When I walk down the street I take quite a ribbing over when the draft is going to catch up with me.

So, I would like to get one of the Marine Corps Discharge pins to show I have been honorably discharged, too. If Herman Zeiter doesn't want his and is not proud to wear it, have him send the pin to me.

F. D. Clark
Indianapolis, Ind.

● Present your discharge papers to your nearest recruiting station. They will then issue you a discharge pin. — Eds.

A UNIQUE PUNISHMENT

Sirs:
We are wondering if anyone else has ever had to perform such punishment as this:

Another Marine and myself, both Motor Transport men, were picked up by the Provost Marshal for traveling over the speed limit. Our punishment for this misconduct was standing guard duty for seven days straight, from twelve noon until 1700, and again in the morning from 0100 to 0400, with a heavy transport pack, steel helmet, rifle and all other gear used in a heavy marching order. This is a total of eight hours a day for seven days straight.

We would like you to include this in Sound Off to let the fellows know that it doesn't pay to beat their gums over "minor punishments." If there are any other Marines who have had a similar punishment, we would like to shake hands with them and console them about sore shoulders and backs.

PFC Robert C. Matson
PFC Kermit E. Kadel
H&S Btry., 3rd. Bn.,
Tenth Marines

POPULARITY OF THE RESERVE

Sirs:
At the present time I am serving in the United States Coast Guard, and proud of it. However, I have always held the Marines in high esteem.

In fact, I tried to enlist in the Corps, but my district's quota was filled at the time and I was unable to do so. I would like to know if I will be eligible to join the Marine Reserves when I am discharged; or, is it open only to ex-Marines?

Matthew Swiech, S1-c
Groton, Conn.

● At the present time the Reserve branch of the Corps of which you inquire is open only to ex-Marines. But, as this is being written, we understand that a plan is under consideration to make any qualified veteran eligible. — Eds. END

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NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I.C.S. dedicates the above message.

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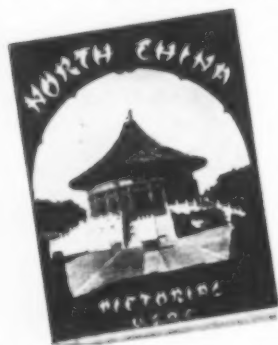
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BOOKSHOP

PAGE 69

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THE ADMIRAL AND PRIVATE GADSIR



AS WE first look in on our hero, we can't see a damned thing. It's too dark. However, after we accustom ourselves to the dark, we find we're in some sort of a crypt, a circular kind of place with a huge marble sarcophagus in the center — verily that of the Admiral. The Admiral is seemingly quite harmless. He's dead — has been dead in fact for 150 years.

Aha! Now we detect Private Gadsir himself. For the 8887th time he is passing by the bust of the Admiral; this is a very lavish crypt, containing all sorts of mementos of the Admiral. For the 8887th time Pvt. Gadsir gives the Admiral a sort of 'how could you do this to me' look. Is it possible we detect a sly twinkle in the granite eyes of the Admiral? At any rate, Gadsir detects it; in fact, he's been noticing it now for six months. But, bravely, he shakes his head and continues walking his post. He bolsters his morale by remembering the words of the captain:

"Gadsir, yours is a post of honor. Remember, Marines served with the Admiral!"

The strains of the Marines' Hymn almost burst forth from Gadsir at that moment of patriotic fervor. (May we say in his defense that he had been in but eight months.)

The private's moment of reverie is interrupted by the squeaking of the big bronze door. Gadsir snaps back to normalcy... "Ah, visitors!" But when an elderly female face peaks around the door Gadsir shudders convulsively. The woman tiptoes rapidly up to Gadsir.

"Oh, soldier," — shivers again run up Gadsir's back — "tell me, is the Admiral actually in the sarcophagus?"

With a superhuman effort, Gadsir controls himself. He recalls that on the day before 13 such women asked him the same question, and on Tuesday it hit an all-time high of 24. He almost has to gag himself to stop from saying some appropriate remark like: "Oh, no M'am; in that coffin remains all that's mortal of 'Whirlaway'" or "Why, no M'am; we're keeping a dud atom bomb in there, but don't worry, chances are three to one it's no good, but then..." Finally, he mutters, "Yes, M'am."

The lady bounces off, twittering to her diminutive husband: "Isn't it fine, Egbert, that our soldiers come to visit such places of historic interest."

Gadsir smothers an ungentlemanly "Go to hell" and passes the Admiral's bust for the 8888th time. With each succeeding day he finds it harder and harder to refrain from bellowing a vile remark at some inoffensive old lady. Not only do the Admiral's eyes twinkle; his whole face has an expression of glee. The days, for Gadsir, crawl by painfully slowly. On one of these days he passes the granite bust for the 10,000th time. Is it possible the Admiral is now grinning broadly? Gadsir would swear to it.

As you may have guessed, Gadsir is by now a complete nervous wreck. The Admiral haunts his every moment. At night he has visions of the Admiral grinning at

him. Finally, in desperation, he takes the dreaded step.

* * * *

AS WE next look in on Gadsir we see him before the sergeant major. Strangely enough, it is Gadsir who is doing the talking.

"Sergeant, please, can I put in for a transfer overseas?"

Knowing how the Marine Corps dreads sending men across, it is no surprise to see Gadsir packing his sea bag the next day.

Gadsir is happy as a lark. No more long hours with the Admiral, no more grinning statues. In high spirits he packs his sea bag. Even an issue of long winter underwear leaves no impression on him. In no time at all Gadsir is aboard the USS *Scuttlebutt*. The days pass swiftly. Gadsir takes no notice of time; he is absolutely contented. He even takes great enjoyment in cleaning his rifle. Yes, the Gadsir we see now is a new man.

Soon the *Scuttlebutt* reaches her destination. Gadsir practically dances down the gangway.

"China," he smiles, "no admirals, no irritating old women, nothing. Wonderful!"

The gunny begins to call the roll; he finishes, but Gadsir is still standing, waiting impatiently.

The sergeant walks up to him. "Gadsir," he says, "the captain would like to see you."

Merrily (he is of the unsuspecting sort), Gadsir trots off to the captain's office.

"Private Gadsir reporting as, as..." He falters, for the captain is none other than his old friend who assigned him to the Admiral's tomb.

The captain pays no attention to Gadsir's queer behavior, but beaming as only captains can on occasions such as this, greets our hero.

"Gadsir, I'm happy to see you here. Your presence is really a godsend to us." (Gadsir is completely bewildered) "We have a special detail right up your alley." (For the first time in three months Gadsir detects signs of that old feeling.) "You naturally have heard of the Province of Shung-Poo-Too." (The region of Tibet comes to Gadsir's mind.) "There," continues the captain, "snuggled in the Himalayas, is the pagoda and final resting place of Admiral Poo Ding, China's first great sailor." (Gadsir is speechless and completely paralyzed.) "As a token of our respect for China and its infant navy, we are detailing a man for duty there. Gadsir," — the captain now is beaming like the morning sun — "Yours is a post of honor. You are tangible evidence of the close bonds between China and the United States. Best of luck to you and Godspeed."

Before we end our little story, let us pause to take one last look at Pvt. Joseph Gadsir, 586779. We can just make him out. Slowly, astride a donkey, we can see him fading into the evening sun with his sea bag bouncing crazily on the rear portion of said beast. Far away over the horizon is the tomb of Admiral Poo Ding, "China's first great sailor."

PVT. JAMES M. PERRY
USMC

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by
PFC Robert L. Klaus

Leatherneck Staff Writer

JUST a few days ago I was sitting at my desk in all my youthful innocence when the editor of *The Leatherneck* came over and slapped me on the back.

"Lad, how would you like to interview a celebrity?" he asked.

With visions of Hollywood, Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner dancing around in the space in my head, I breathed my approval.

"Fine," he said, "Monday I want you to go down to Quantico and interview Jiggs the Fourth, the Marine Corps mascot. This is an important assignment, but even a moron could handle it. I'm sending you."

That is why the following Monday I gloomily entered the Hostess House at Quantico, looking for a place to rest my weary bones, come night. There were no vacancies in the Hostess House, so I tried all the barracks in sight. No empty sacks. At one place, which strangely enough had a WR for duty

NCO, they were very touchy and threw me out when I asked for a sack.

I then decided to do my interviewing immediately. With this in view I wandered sadly around the post and finally found a small dog kennel far out at the edge of the camp. Over the door was a small sign which read simply, "Platoon Sergeant Jiggs the Fourth, Official Mascot of the United States Marine Corps." The foot-high letters hurt my eyes as they blinked on and off.

I knocked at the door of this humble establishment and then entered as a gruff voice said, "Come in."

A huge bulldog lay on a rich, velveteen couch, munching a dog biscuit and reading a bound volume called, "The Beagle's Return, or The Case of the Collie's Follies."

I looked around for someone who could have said "Come in." There was no one there but the bulldog. "Are you Pl. Sgt. Jiggs the Fourth?" I asked.

This venerable Marine mascot gives with the straight dope on some of his predecessors



"Who did ya' think I was — 'Black Beauty'?" The voice came from the bulldog. I climbed down from the bookshelf and began firing questions at him.

"Sgt. Jiggs, we might as well begin at the beginning and start from there. How did this mascot racket get started and why the accent on bulldogs?"

"Well, lad, you've come to the right place to have your questions answered. Have a biscuit? No? Well, they're very good. Let's see — this mascot business really started back in World War I. The Germans in that war got a chance to run up against the Marines as fighting men, and when asked their opinion of them, the Jerries could only mutter brokenly: 'teufel hunden . . . teufel hunden,' which means 'devil dogs.' Newspaper correspondents included the term in their dispatches from overseas and the headlines of the Stateside sheets carried it while the Marines were making their drive on Belleau Wood.

"The first and most celebrated Marine Corps mascot," Sgt. Jiggs continued, "was Sergeant Major Jiggs, a purebred bulldog. His species and features were regarded as symbolic of the fighting character of the 'devil dogs.' He looked ugly and hard-boiled, but in reality he was a nice guy. He traveled around quite a bit, over 100,000 miles on land, sea and air as the mascot of the Marine athletic teams, and was a feature at college and major service games between 1922 and 1926.

"Sgt. Maj. Jiggs . . . am I going too fast for you?" Sgt. Jiggs asked as I scribbled furiously away in my scratch pad.

I assured him that I was keeping up and he went on:

"Sgt. Maj. Jiggs was a purebred bulldog of dis-

tinguished ancestry. His coat was white, complexion pink and eyes dark brown. He had a few dark spots on his head; a screw tail, and bowed legs; he weighed in at 52 pounds and stood 18 inches high."

"He must have been a fine figure of a . . . ah . . . dog," I murmured.

"That he was. Sgt. Maj. Jiggs shipped into the Marine Corps as a private, October 14, 1922, at the Marine Barracks here in Quantico, after he had been bought by a group of enlisted men here. His enlistment papers were filled out and signed by Major General Smedley D. Butler, then CO at Quantico. Naturally, he had a Service Record Book in which entry was made of his deeds and misdeeds, punishments, transfers and markings in efficiency, obedience, etc. He was tried several times for breaches of military etiquette and deportment."

"HOW was promotion for mascots in those days, Sgt. Jiggs?" I asked, being very much interested in the story now.

Sgt. Jiggs took another dog biscuit from the box and again offered me one. I again declined.

"Sure you won't have one of these biscuits . . . very good. Well, promotion was rapid for Jiggs. He was only in about two months and a half when he was given a corporal's rate. General Butler made him a sergeant as a New Year's present in 1924, and he was promoted to sergeant major on July 17, I think, 1924."

"I suppose Sgt. Maj. Jiggs had quite a wardrobe all his own," I remarked.

"Yes," Sgt. Jiggs said, "his blankets bore the Marine Corps emblem and the chevrons of a sergeant major. He had some headaddresses, collars, harnesses and sweaters which he wore on special occa-

sions. He was never one to dress much. He held the distinction of being presented at the White House during the Harding administration and was one of America's most photographed dogs.

"I am sorry to state that his death came from overeating — you know how it is when a fellow just can't resist that good ol' chow call. He died January 9, 1927, in a hospital in Washington, D. C. He lay in state, with Marine guards in attendance, on the day prior to his burial here on the post."

"And after Sgt. Maj. Jiggs came Jiggs the Second, I suppose."

"Yeah, that's right. Shortly after Sgt. Maj. Jiggs' death, Commander Gene Tunney, then heavy-weight champion and a former Marine, presented the Marine Corps with a successor and on March 22, 1927, the newcomer took over the title of Jiggs the Second. He, too, was a pure-bred bulldog and was the nearest likeness to the original Jiggs that could be found in the States."

"Jiggs the Second was quite a guy — a live wire, if you know what I mean. He was, if anything, more ferocious looking than the original Jiggs, but had the same gentle disposition. When Commander Tunney was conditioning for his second encounter with Jack Dempsey at Chicago in 1927, Private Jiggs was detailed on temporary duty as mascot, at his training camp. While Jiggs was on this good luck mission his commanding officer wrote an official letter recommending him for promotion and on September 28, 1927, the Major General Commandant, General John A. Lejeune, appointed him a corporal. Jiggs won sergeant's stripes December 1, 1930, and was made a sergeant major March 13, 1934. During his latter years, Jiggs the Second loafed around the base, drawing his rations, lolling peacefully or shooting the breeze with his buddies."

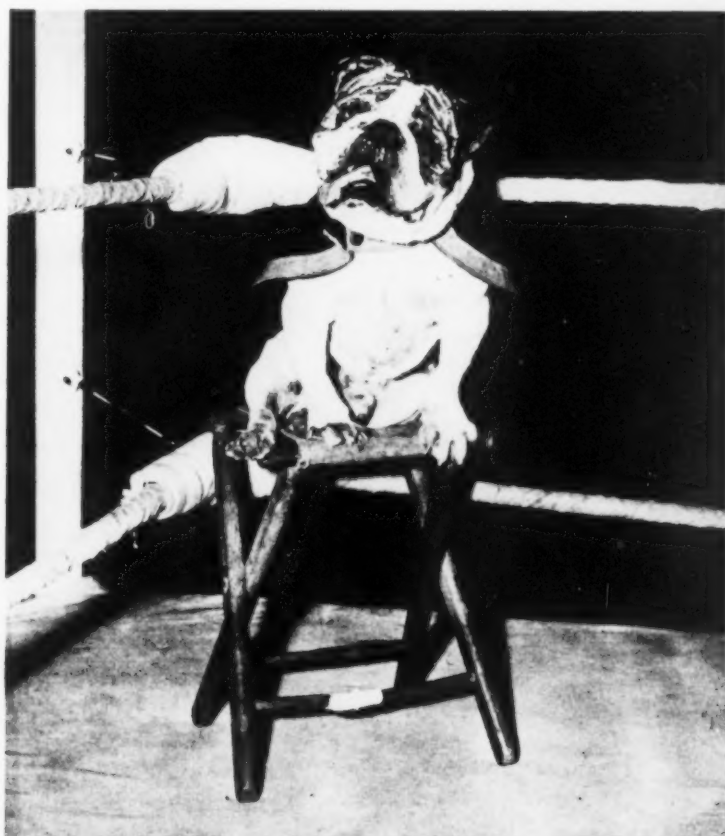
"Not to change the subject, Sgt. Jiggs," I said respectfully, "but did anyone ever try to steal any of the mascot's thunder, to coin a phrase?"

"Well, yes, more or less. Sure you won't try one of these biscuits? Well sir, when Jiggs the First died, the Royal Marines of Great Britain got together and purchased one of the best specimens of pedigree bulldog bred in the British Isles. They presented 'Private Pagett' to their American counterparts. Pagett was greeted in New York by a detail of 50 officers and men of the Corps and a host of newspapermen and photographers, while Captain Hartley, in command of the SS *Leviathan* on which Pagett had made the trip, presented him with his naturalization papers."

"Pagett was enlisted in the Marine Corps at the



It's a veddy bored Jiggs who reflects on lost sack time while singing celebrity Gladys Swarthout points out places of interest at Quantico



"In this corner" . . . Jiggs is nothing if not versatile. Here he rests in the ring at Quantico preparatory to, well, challenging all comers



Major General J. C. Breckinridge has Jiggs III in check as this "staff" photo is taken at Quantico in September of 1937. Jiggs III died young



Four succulent hot dogs in this cake evoke little interest in Dago's Sergeant Duffy. The late Major General William P. Upshur is with him

New York recruiting station on June 27, 1927, and was promptly taken to the nation's capital where he was introduced to the Secretary of the Navy, the Commandant and other officials. I do wish you would try one of these damned biscuits."

"No, thanks. Tell me, sergeant, sir, how did this guy Pagett stack up with old salts like Jiggs the First and Second?"

"Well, Pagett was inclined to be a bit salty from the first. His record as a recruit was only fair. Several petty offenses were entered in his record book, but nothing really sensational. He chased a blonde stenographer down the hall at Marine Corps Headquarters, committed a nuisance in the Commanding Officer's office, incited a riot by fighting with another dog and once 'bit the hand that fed him.' Pagett was a lucky guy, though, and the All-Marine baseball team with which he traveled in 1928 had a great season. But these tours tire a guy out something awful and Pagett died on May 5, 1928, after an especially long trip."

"You seem to know quite a lot about this mascot business, Sarge. Do you happen to know who and when was the first Marine mascot?"

"Have a biscuit!" he thundered.

I could see he was becoming annoyed with my refusals, so I took one, gnawed off a few crumbs and gave a startled exclamation:

"Why, this tastes just like the biscuits in 'Supper K Rations'."

Sgt. Jiggs took a bite of his biscuit and said, "They do, don't they. Well, I'll be darned."

"Of course," Sgt. Jiggs went on to answer my question, "there have been Marine mascots as long as there have been Marines. Marines have kept goats, chickens, calves, pigs, donkeys, raccoons,



Royal Marines pose with Pagett before giving him to the U. S. Marine Corps at New York City

eagles, fawns, black sheep and leopard kittens, to name but a few. The first more or less official mascot that I know of definitely was a little Irish tyke named Mike. Mike accompanied the Marines on their expedition to Mexico, on board the *USS Hancock*. The Leathernecks took part, you know, in the engagement incident to the taking of Vera Cruz, and later patrolled the streets of that city.

"Mike was really the mascot of the Marines at the Norfolk Navy Yard, but his duties often took him to far-off places. He chased tropical lizards at Guantanamo Bay and fired for record at the rifle range at Annapolis, Maryland. More than half of the men in the Corps 30 years ago knew Mike personally and the other half had heard of him through sea stories.

"Mike was a swell guy, and smart, too. He knew all the bugle calls and was a fiend for a fire. When he heard the fire alarm he would rush through the camp shouting at the top of his voice, arousing everyone. Then he would scamper to the fire and arrive long before the engines. But the call he liked best was chow call. What a chow hound he was!

"MIKE used to be a clothes horse. Never missed a parade or a hike in his life. He was once found guilty of irreverence in church and was sentenced by court martial 'to lose two bones.' That was a pretty stiff fine. He was transferred to PI and died soon after he arrived there. He has a very nice grave with a stone monument over it in front of the CO's house.

"The Marines at PI missed Mike so much that they bought a successor to him from a New York kennel. He was almost a twin to the original Mike and so took over the name.

"Mike the Second was a fighting Irishman from way back. He liked to pull a snow job, but despite his gruffness he really was a good egg. His greatest fault was his overwhelming desire to get into some sort of mischief. Mike got into a brawl with a bunch of bums down at PI, and though he beat them all, he died of injuries. He has a very nice grave down there, too. There is a stone monument in the form of a Marine emblem and the words 'Semper Fidelis' are engraved on it."

"Say, Sgt. Jiggs, were you ever in New York?" I asked him.

"Yeah, I was there once. Why?"

"You didn't happen to know a guy by the name of 'Wop,' did you? Little guy with yellow hair?"

"No, I don't think I knew him."

"This Wop was a sort of advance agent for enlisted men when I was at the Navy Yard in New York. He used to run around ahead of the OD when he was making the rounds of the sentries. Wop would bark at us and let us know that the OD was coming so we could be squared away for him. You know how those Navy Yards are."

I snatched a handful of the biscuits and munched them contentedly.

"You weren't out at Marine Base, Camp Elliott, were you?" Sgt. Jiggs asked me.

"No, where is it?"

"That's out near Dago."

"No, I've never been out there."

"But surely you have heard of Sgt. Duffy, haven't

you, lad? One of our strongest contenders for the title. Full name is Samuel Jolley Plum Duffy, but don't ask me how the hell he got it."

"Speaking of old timers as we were a while ago, Sarge," I said, puffing a freshly-lit cheroot, "did you know a fellow named 'Rags'?"

"Was he on the Rock back in '41?"

"No, that must have been another 'Rags.' This one was back in 1925. He was at the Cavite Navy Yard in the Philippines. The only thing outstanding about this guy was that he never missed a parade. He would stalk along behind the marching men until they wheeled into line. When the Marines snapped to attention, Rags would drop on his haunches, elevate his front paws and hold this position until 'At ease' was given."

"No, that's not the one I knew," said the sergeant. "Bit before my time. I used to know another Rags at Corregidor. He was the one who warned the men there when Jap airplanes were coming over for a raid, long before the men could hear the planes coming. Rags knew where every air raid shelter on the island was and soon as he sensed those Japs coming, he would get up and walk slowly into one of the shelters. The men used to follow him and he never made a mistake."

"What about Jiggs the Third, Sarge? He was your immediate predecessor, wasn't he?"

"Yeah, but I've never been able to find out much about him. He was a native Philadelphian, like myself, and joined up on November 27, 1937. He was run over by a fire truck just before I came here. It was very sad."

I flicked a tear from my cheek and asked, "When did you get here, Sarge?"

"I reported in here May 3, 1939. I was the pick of a litter of 13, if I may say so and still appear modest."

"Uh-huh. When did you get your platoon sergeant's stripes?"

"September 25, 1942. I have tried since to get a gunny's rate, but I was refused."

"How old are you now, Sarge?"

"I'm ten years old. That's two years over my life expectancy. I've been sick lately and am supposed to be on a diet, so don't tell anybody about these dog biscuits."

"I see you're still a gay old dog, Sarge. . . ."

"Oh, yes, I'm still having my day. Stop tearing my pin-up pictures off the wall."

"Well, thanks a lot for the scoop, Sarge. Is there any special comment you would like to make on the meat shortage, the scarcity of chaseable cats and so forth?"

"Yes, you can quote me as saying 'It's still a dog's life.'"

"Okay, Sarge."

"Say, lad, what are you doing tonight? I know a couple of brindle bit . . ."

"No thanks, Sarge. I'm an old married man and my wife might not understand. But thanks, just the same."

On this note I bade the sergeant farewell and left. Crossing the street, I saw a small white hound of indefinable origin. I whistled. She snapped at me.

"Well, guess I'll just have to amble back to town," I sighed.

END

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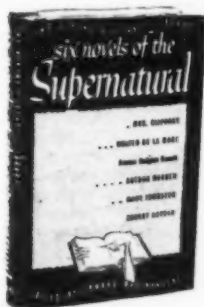
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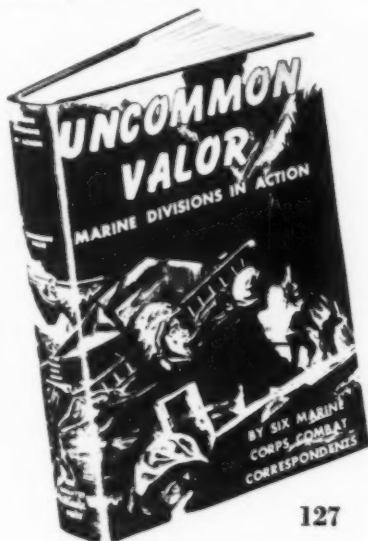
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BACK

TO

THE

BOB CATS



TWENTY years ago George Robert Crosby walked onto the stage during a Spokane amateur night show to sing "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" His ambitious plans for a debut went awry. The audience got five successive introductions and then, sick with stage fright, Master Crosby ran all the way home. Now, at 33, he is back from duty with the Marine Corps, no longer a victim of stage fright, of course, but noticeably on the ball in his efforts to put himself and his band back in the musical groove as firmly as they were before Uncle Sam beckoned during World War II.

Bing's brother, the youngest of five sons of the famous Crosby clan, was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1944 and attached to the Fifth Division. He spent 14 months in the Pacific, organizing and presenting musical shows, and had covered a lot of watery territory before the big show ended last August. Now he's organizing again.

It is not easy to grab the gold ring on the musical merry-go-round. Hundreds of good bands never quite reach the top, where lies the big money. Crosby was there, definitely, but it had taken him ten years to get to the top.

He did a little better a few years after that night in Spokane, when Anson Weeks hired him as a vocalist, but not much better, because Weeks fired him a few weeks later. In 1935, Crosby took over the baton for 11 musicians who were looking for a leader, and this was the start of the famed Bobcats. After three years of one-night stands, and playing for percentages, they hit the big time with a long run at the Black Hawk in Chicago.

Crosby and the Bobcats became famous more or less by accident. They were arranging recordings, which is a very nice way to make a lot of money.

Bing Crosby gets a bang out of buffing Brother Bob's bars



PHOTOS BY SGT. JOHN JOLOKAI
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**Out of the Marine
Corps, Bob Crosby
is back in big business
making music for millions**

BACK TO THE BOBCATS (continued)

One side of a platter was finished and a filler was needed for the other side. They chose a novel number called "Big Noise From Winnetka," which promptly became an overnight success. It sold more than two million copies and landed Crosby and his band in Hollywood for film work.

Bob was doing very well financially, between dance engagements, recordings, the Old Gold radio show and such movies as "Presenting Lily Mars" and "See Here, Private Hargrove." But that was pre-Semper Fidelis. Now he has to do it all over again.

Soon after his discharge he reorganized his band and toured West Coast Army camps, entertaining the troops. He was giving the band a tune-up, smoothing down the rough spots, trying to get that perfection in precision that makes a name band.

Last February he was ready. He went back on the air, this time for the Ford Motor Company. The show was presented at CBS in Hollywood, so he signed for a run at the palatial Palladium, which is two blocks down the street on Sunset Boulevard.

As any West Coast Marine knows, the Palladium is Mecca for Gyrenes on liberty, so Crosby went over with a resounding bang. Twice a night he was on the air from the Palladium. There was more than a little dickering for film work, and the record companies wanted a sample of the new Crosby outfit. Things looked pretty good for George Robert Crosby.

This sounds like an easy way to earn a living, but it is not. A big time band is big business. Big business means big pressure — lots of work and worry. Crosby actually has two outfits, one for broadcasting, the other for dances. Both have to be rehearsed; programs must be arranged; there are conferences



Hollywood's Palladium is a magnet for Marines on Los Angeles liberty. It's definitely big time

with broadcast sponsors, film studios, writers, arrangers, publicity men and sundry other characters. Crosby rolls out of the sack around 10 A.M., which sounds good, but he doesn't stop until 2 or 3 the next morning, which more than evens it up.

Most of the men in the Bobcats are veterans, but only one served in the Marine Corps. He is ex-Sergeant Morris (King) Perelmuler, a violinist in the studio orchestra, who was with the Third Division's Merry Men. He was discharged last October 27 after 27 months in the Corps.

Perelmuler wrote "Salute to the Marines," a song dedicated to General Graves B. Erskine and

Bob has again acquired a following among the pretty autograph hounds



the Third Division. Another violinist with the studio orchestra is ex-Master Sergeant Jim Cathcart, who enlisted in the Air Corps on December 8, 1941, and was discharged on December 8, 1945.

The affable, soft-spoken Crosby keeps an eye out for men who wear the forest green, as Corporal H. B. Tavera will tell you. Tavera was at the Palladium celebrating his discharge and return from China, where he had served with the First Marine Air Wing, when Crosby invited himself to join the party. They had a drink, on Crosby, and when the band returned to the stand, one of its first numbers was one that Mrs. Tavera had requested.

by Pfc Leonard Riblett
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



Leading an actual performance is an easy part of Bob's job. Headaches are rehearsing, getting good arrangements, keeping his musicians happy



As a former Marine, the boss Bobcat likes to keep in touch with the Corps. He spotted ex-Corporal and Mrs. H. B. Tavera at the Palladium



Their fortune's in musical notes. Bob (left) confers with Morris Perelmuler, Jim Cathcart



Rehearsing for the radio, Bob sings. Accompanying him are his own Bobcats and The Polks, a quartet

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LUCYANN AND ELVA POLK

And they sing too. Lucyann (left) and Elva are radio singers. They're sisters, but not twins

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